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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV No 254

MAY, 1922



Photo Victor Georg

ELSIE JANIS

Distinctly one of the "gang" and as full of "pep" as ever, this charming and popular comedienne has started on a Trans-Continental tour supported by her devoted war-time associates

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLLOW, Editor



Editorial

Why Not Call Them the Stupies?

EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL HAYS is now devoting his energies to the motion picture industry as head of a new association to be known as the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. Mr. Hays is full of enthusiasm for his new job. "The first few weeks," we are informed by the *New York Times*, "will be spent studying the moving picture industry from top to bottom and then he will start work at whatever he thinks is necessary to carry the movies to their destined function as the 'stabilizer' of American life."

So far, so good. There can be no question that the cinematograph industry in this country needs someone with ability, brains and energy to put new "pep" into the pictures, clean them up, make their plots and situations less hackneyed and commonplace, and their endings less obvious, so that they may appeal to intelligences a little higher than those of fourteen-year-old school girls. Whether Mr. Hays possesses the qualifications necessary to bring about this much-needed reform, we do not know, but his own words on the subject, again to quote the *Times*, are hardly reassuring:

"The motion picture is already the principal amusement of a great majority of the people; it is the sole amusement of millions; it may well become the national stabilizer. In this country we speak fifty languages, but the picture of Mother is the same to all—the picture is the quick road to the brain through the eye. You take a little baby three days old and he squalls and yells and gets all red, and you shake a rattle in front of his nose and he shuts up. What he wanted was amusement, and you give it to him with the rattle."

Is it true, as Mr. Hays seems to infer, that intellectually we Americans are still children to be amused, like infants, with a rattle or a picture? Any kind of a rattle so long as it makes plenty of noise, any kind of a picture so long as mother is seen in a gingham apron baking home-made pie.

That is the trouble with our movies. When they are harmless, they are infantile and incredibly naïve. Distorted and entirely misrepresentative pictures of actual American life, they fairly reek with sickly sentiment, impossible heroics, the coarsest of clowning. Where they are bad, they are brutally vicious, indecently suggestive, so soaked in violence, sensuality, and crime, that the foreigner, seeing us for the first time through such pictures, would take us for a nation of imbeciles, crooks and prostitutes. There is no happy medium. The average motion picture today appeals either to the mentally deficient or the criminally inclined.

A conscientious censorship may be able to curb the vicious tendencies of the screen so that potential pickpockets, burglars, badger game workers, dope fiends, murderers, will no longer have an excuse for laying the blame for their undoing at its door, but censorship is not likely to remedy the inanity and sickly sentiment of the average film. Indeed, it may well have the opposite effect. Anxious to offset the more dangerous films, the censors are likely to lean in the other direction by giving countenance and encouragement to pictures whose most conspicuous feature is their stupidity.

Why, in a highly organized, progressive civilization like ours, why, with our widespread education, our boasted culture, our keen intelligence, should we be subjected to the humiliation of seeing our national trade-mark on motion pictures which are inferior and inartistic? It is because most of our film manufacturers, like most theatre managers, are "out for the money". Our film makers should learn to respect

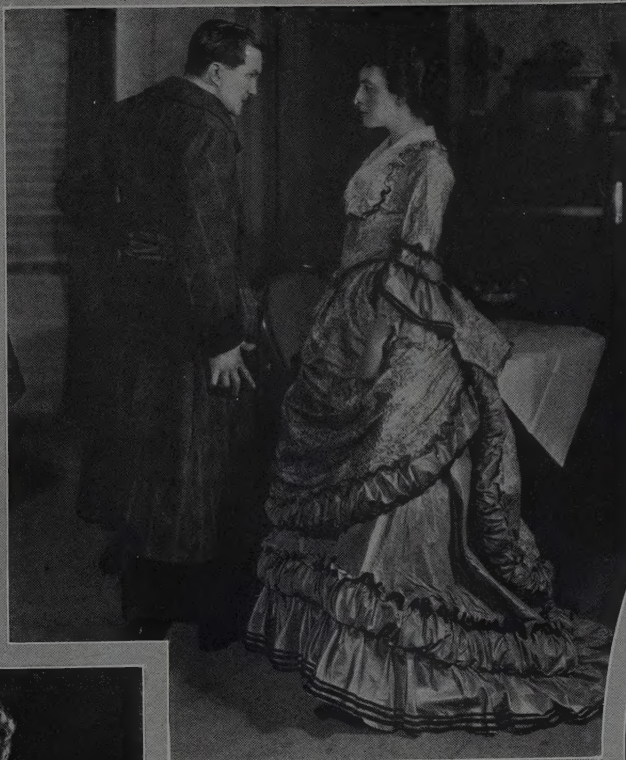
their public. They should be able to count on a higher standard of intelligence among their patrons who, on their part, should educate themselves to be satisfied only with the best, a best not expressed in terms of money but in terms of art. That is another of our besetting sins. We talk only in terms of money, we brag of costly settings, of fabulous salaries paid to movie stars, of million dollar productions. We talk too little in terms of art. The movie man, having no respect for his public, convinced that the mental capacity of the average theatre-goer is low, incapable of understanding or appreciating any but the most elementary and trite situations, caters accordingly. To those who like "mushy" pictures, he gives saccharine sentiment and heroics *ad nauseam*; for the more morbid-minded of his patrons he furnishes sensations, sex stuff, thrills.

To the film manufacturer, it is all a question of demand and supply. If the public flocks to see these rubbishy pictures, why should he break his head trying to improve the quality? It is fair to say that not all producers cater to this low order of intelligence. A few—we need not mention names—are sincere in their efforts to raise the standard and produce pictures really worthwhile, but they are in the minority. Most of our film makers are producing rubbish because they believe it sells best. Perhaps it does. These are the men who are making and showing the pictures from which the country is suffering today, and the public is not less to blame, for, instead of demanding something better, it continues to encourage such pictures by patronizing them.

Were you ever tempted in your youth to read those lurid tales of cheap detective fiction known as the dime novel? Probably at the time you enjoyed those hair-raising yarns—adventures of gamblers, road agents, dock rats and other desperadoes—but, even as children, you had sense enough to be ashamed of what you were reading, for you quickly hid the offending book if any of your elders happened along. Yet today, the prosperous business man, the self-respecting mother, the young girl accompanied by her fiancé, the young man at the threshold of a career—each of whom would be ashamed to be caught reading a dime novel—are not ashamed to go to the movies, where the same kind of stuff is provided.

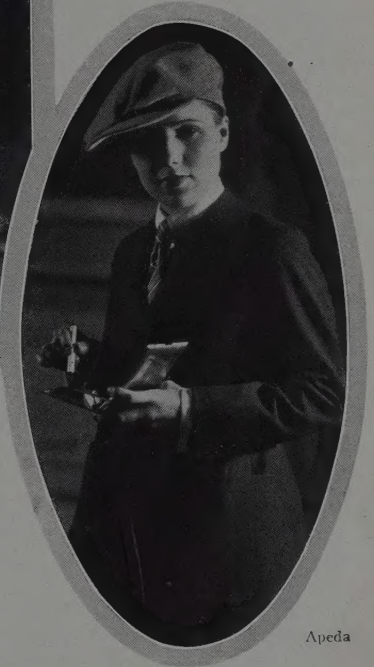
When one stops to think of the enormous number of people whose only intellectual recreation is this sort of mental food, one is appalled. Each afternoon and night, in every city, town and village of this vast land, millions of people are sitting in semi-darkness—not a word spoken—their eyes focussed on pictures which may be harmless—though stupid—but which we know are mostly bad—pictures so vivid that, to the unsophisticated, they give the impression of actual life. Think of the time wasted! At best, it is a lazy pastime, this sitting in the dark for hours idly looking at pictures. In this darkness and this silence, what chance has the brain of being stimulated or the mental faculties quickened? The young man and woman, after sitting in the gloomy, ill-ventilated theatre for three hours, gazing at rubbish, come out into the pure air, their limbs stiff, their brains paralyzed, their faces vacuous, their minds a blank. They've heard nothing, said nothing, during those three long hours. What sort of men and women are we building up for the future, how great can we become as a nation, if, as ex-postmaster Hays says, this is to be the principal amusement of a great majority of the people, the national stabilizer?

Marriage is not always divorce, or compromise. Sometimes it reaches a culmination of hate. In "The First Fifty Years" Clare Eames and Tom Powers, unhappily mated at the beginning, never stop detesting each other, and the play follows their quarrels through half a century



(Oval)

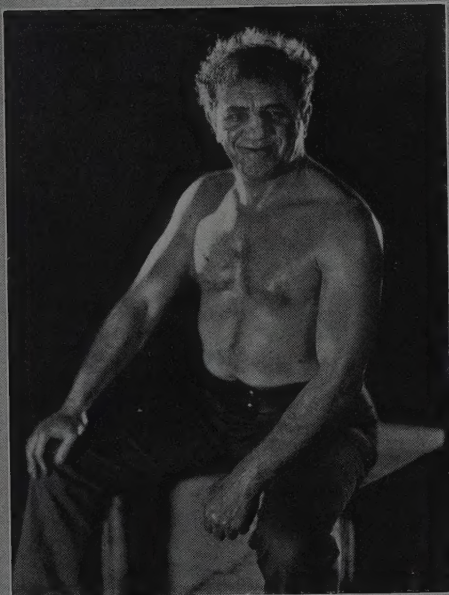
The diminutive Frances White has small opportunity as the little thief in "The Hotel Mouse," but she never fails to entrance her audience, especially with her riddle jingle



Apeda

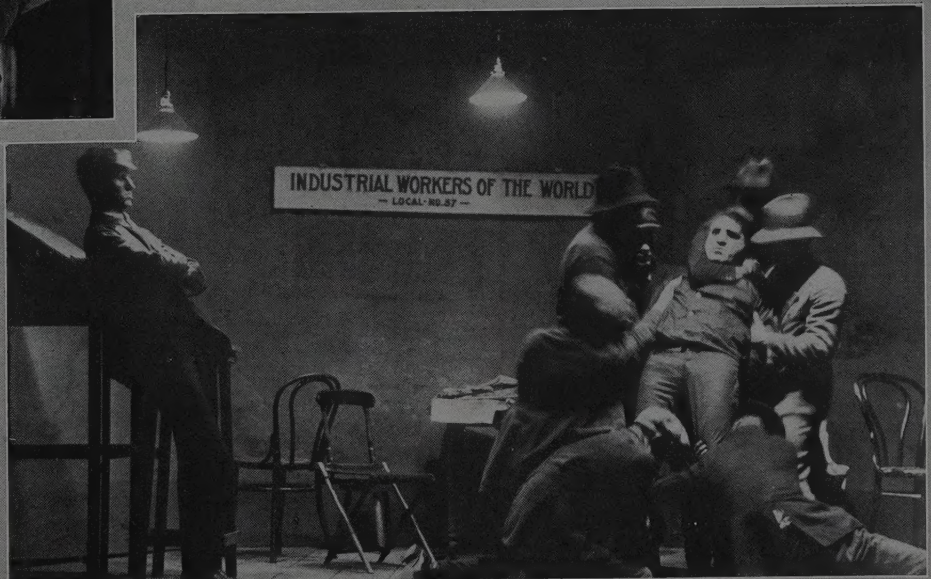
White

Louis Wolheim, whose performance as the "hairy ape," has fairly taken Broadway's breath away, began his career as an executioner, not in real life, but in "The Jest"



Abbe

Apocalyptic in its message, Eugene O'Neill's new play, "The Hairy Ape," presents a stoker on an ocean liner who feels he is himself the steel, the bone and sinew of the great boat, only to find how helpless he is against the combined forces of modern society



Brugiere

UNUSUAL PLAYS OF STRONG APPEAL

Duse Still Weaves Her Magic Spell

Youth and Beauty Gone, the Famous Italian Is Today A Finer Actress Than Ever

By CARLTON MILES

TO an American a theatre ticket is a lottery; to an Italian an investment. If the American finds the performance indifferent he refuses to applaud or else he quits the playhouse; the Italian stays to the final moment, manifesting his indignation by loud hissing. An evening in a theatre of Italy is an experience in sibilancy. Late-comers are hissed; the offender who dares cough meets with a chorus of *S-s-s's!*; the actor who does not come up to the mark is the target for tormentors. If the cackling of geese saved Rome, say the Italians, our hissing will preserve the theatre. No performance is complete without its vocal triptych. There are the voice of the actor, the voice of the prompter, always a few lines in advance and sounding like a continuous undertone, and the voice of the people. In their avidity to preserve quiet the spectators hiss so violently that stage dialogue becomes inaudible.

This unrestraint on the part of the audience is particularly true in Rome where, only a few weeks ago, Eleonora Duse presented a new play for the first time since her return to the stage. It was not Duse's reappearance in Rome. In November she offered two plays of her old repertoire, Ibsen's "Lady From the Sea" and Marco Praga's "La Porta Chiusa." But the presentation of "Cosa Sia" ("So Be it") was her challenge to a new generation of theatregoers, her demand to be judged on present performance rather than past accomplishment. At the age of 63 necessity had driven her back to the stage which she had left more than a dozen years before.

THE significance of the event drew a cosmopolitan audience to the Teatro Constanzi. The great semi-circle of boxes was filled with Italian nobility, with the decadent princes of the neighboring countries who spend their winters sipping the liquors at the American bars of Rome, and with officers in their gay uniforms of blue and red. The foreign colony was represented by mothers of Titanic heroines chanting daughters' praises, the wives of American novelists with tiaras, monocled Englishmen tripping over their raincoats and placid Austrian innkeepers. An audience that expected much but anticipated not at all what happened.

"Cosa Sia" is the attempt of a young playwright, Tommaso Gallarati Scotti, to write a realistic play. It is the story of a peasant mother's resignation to fate. Duse chose it because it was a play of the people. As in other countries, the war has paralyzed the drama of Italy. Its chief authors, Sem Benelli, Marco Praga and the others, are the same today as before the conflict; the younger men appear content to write dramas imitative of the witty, superficial pieces of Sacha Guitry. Underneath this

surface flippancy, there is—as in America, England and France—a restless undercurrent seeking to manifest itself in dramas of truth. "Cosa Sia" was the expression of such a desire.

DUSE, as the mother, is disclosed at the rise of the curtain. The scene is late evening in the home of a well-to-do peasant. On a bed lies the 10-year old child, desperately ill. The mother hangs over the bedside, a figure of such appealing sympathy, it needed not Duse's voice to rouse the audience to desired mood. The doctor tells the mother there is no hope. The father, a brutal, coarse fool, entreats her to leave the boy and to come to bed with him. She refuses. Left alone, she prays to the statue of the Virgin on her bureau. She will give up all her money, she will sacrifice her one earthly joy—that of standing at the window and watching the man she has loved in silence pass by each day—she will make a life-pilgrimage and she will even leave her child as penance if only the boy may live. At the end of the act the child gives a faint moan. The mother, with a call to the faithful woman friend in the next room—a cry of such mingled wonder, belief and understanding that none who heard Duse utter it can forget—stands transfixed. Her prayer has been answered.

The success of this first act was not in doubt. Duse responded to innumerable curtain calls, "bravo" was shouted from every part of the house, flowers were showered on the stage. Roman dandies almost forgot their occupation of strolling up the aisles and examining each row of women through opera glasses. For once the play absorbed these connoisseurs of sex.

THE second act takes place years later. The stage is divided into a lower level, representing a rocky glade and an upper stretch of long greensward. The mother enters, bent, aged, white-haired. She has stolen back for one glimpse of her boy. Grown to manhood, he has turned into the same roisterer the father was before him. He enters with rowdy farmer companions and their sweethearts. Below, the mother crouches, striving to peer up at the boy, then creeping off only to be drawn back by a force she cannot resist. Her presence is discovered and she reveals herself to the son. He will have none of her and taunts her with vile epithets. "You may think I did not know what was going on," he says. "But I was ten when you deserted us. I know you had a lover. I know you are a bad woman."

This was the scene that decided the fate of Tommaso Gallarati Scotti's play. Whether or not the excitable audience was too deeply stirred by sympathy for the mother or whether the spectators resented

the words used by the son as too indecent to be spoken from the stage, no one knows. Whatever the reason, pandemonium broke loose. It started with a volley of hissing which quickly spread over the entire house. So extraordinary was this outburst and so violent did it become that the performance was stopped.

Duse ceased to speak her lines, although she never dropped character. The other actors strove to continue but were unable. The hissing increased, mingled with shouts of "Basta! Basta!" ("Enough! Enough!"). Finally, after a few moments, someone started applause which was taken up by a minority of the spectators, but which had the effect of silencing the uproar. The play, which was but a short way from the act finale, went on, although there were sporadic attempts to stop it. The curtain fell to a jumbled stage picture. Applause was perfunctory.

After a long delay Duse, plainly indignant, appeared before the curtain leading the author. The hissing was redoubled. "Duse! Duse!" called the audience. "Sola! Sola!" It was apparent they liked Duse, but condemned the play. Duse appeared once or twice more and the excited spectators poured into the promenade tunnels behind the semi-circle of boxes. The play was through. No Roman audience, sitting in the Coliseum half a mile away ever voted "thumbs down" more firmly than this modern gathering in the Teatro Constanzi.

A HAZY epilogue showed the mother wandering into a chapel where, for some obscure reason, she is accused of stealing the ornaments from the altar. Finally, overcome by grief, she falls prostrate before the shrine of the Virgin.

"Cosa Sia" is not a good play, but as a study of a mother's resignation, it provides a fascinating character for Duse. Moreover, so earnest an attempt to write a sincere drama deserved less hasty condemnation. Duse made one more attempt to present it in Rome, then abandoned the project and started on a tour of northern Italy, presenting the plays of her former repertoire, familiar to those who idolized her before failing health and the D'Annunzio episode drove her from the stage.

It would not be strange if Duse murmured at the ingratitude of theatregoers. Both need and the appeals of her admirers had brought her back to the footlights. Today, her beauty gone, age creeping on, she is, if possible, a finer actress than before. She has lost but the appearance of youth; the spirit flames as deeply in her slight, frail body. A quarter of a century ago, in his famous comparison between Duse and Bernhardt, Bernard Shaw said all that could be said of the actress.

(Continued on page 338)



Shafindel Studios

IRENE BORDONI

This chic French comedienne once more delights Broadway—this time in the title rôle of "The French Doll," where her piquant accent, vivacious charm, and loveliness of person gain for her as great applause on the speaking stage as she has already won in such musical comedies as "Hitchy Koo," "Sleeping Partners," and "As You Were"

Stage Mary An Extinct Species

Even Eva Le Gallienne Prefers Hectic Roles to the Goody Goody Kind

By CAROL BIRD

IT was an easier job for friend Diogenes to find an honest man than it is today to find an actress whose stage work and personality have identified her with spiritual roles. After Laura Hope Crewes had told the THEATRE MAGAZINE all about the scarlet women roles she had refused; and Pauline Lord had confessed to us that she did not mind in the least portraying an Anna Christie type of wanton woman, we set out to find a stage character whose morals were intact. We desired to find, in a play, not only a woman who herself treads the paths of rectitude, but one who fairly revels in her purity. Having gone to this extreme, we went still further, and decided that even the actress who played the part of this paragon of virtue, must have something ethereal about her—something not of common clay. She must, we determined, give the impression that she was far above the average woman—superior to her weaknesses, unsophisticated, unworldly, demure, even Mid-Victorian.

All this was for the sake of contrast. Having tired of writing about Magdalenes, we wanted Marys. Besides, the Editor had hinted that morality was a quality not to be despised.

THERE must," he said firmly, "be a play in town featuring a refreshingly different type of woman than you have been writing about recently. Go and seek her!"

We recalled that there was "Julie," of Liliom fame, played by Eva Le Gallienne, daughter of the well-known poet, Richard Le Gallienne. We found Miss Le Gallienne in her charming studio apartment on Fifth Avenue, near Washington Square, propped up in bed under a pale, blue, silk coverlet. So far, so good. The setting was all right, too. Quaint furniture, candlesticks, gay, cretonne curtains, leather bound books on the table, small, lace edged white pillows forming an excellent background for the little, young face of Miss Le Gallienne. Her soft brown hair waved back smoothly and severely from a face devoid of make-up of any kind. Here was youth and immaturity! The soul of Julie fairly shone from the eyes of this young actress! Ah, we had chosen wisely, we meditated. Here was a young woman who would expound just the sort of views we wanted! We explained our mission.

Miss Le Gallienne smiled, and then we were a bit startled to see her flick the ash off a cigarette, and place it and its amber holder on a small brass tray at her elbow. The commonplace act of smoking and flicking did not, naturally, startle us. It was the fact that Miss Le Gallienne was getting out of character. By rights, our dear Mid-Victorian lady should have been embroidering or nibbling mint wafers. But she did nothing of the kind. After crunching out the last bright cigarette spark,

Miss Le Gallienne said a bit maliciously:

"But Julie, you know, is *not* a good woman. She lives openly with a 'rough-neck'—a crude, coarse fellow to whom she is not married. No, it is not surprising that you entirely overlooked this fact. Julie really is a fine sort of woman, an exceptional woman. She is courageous, tender, devoted, trying to be a force for good in the life of the man she loved. She is not coarse; she is not common; she is not promiscuous. But she certainly can not be said to be exactly virtuous. At any rate, not from the conventional viewpoint. In Europe that sort of thing is winked at, if not openly sanctioned. If a woman loves a man devotedly, she simply goes to live with him—with or without marriage—and some people think that is not such a strange thing for her to do."

Going, going, almost gone, were our plans for a contrast story.

"Have you not, usually, portrayed a different type of woman than Julie?" we asked, hopefully, still clinging to our original idea of writing about a Mary.

"Oh, yes, there was my role in 'Not So Long Ago.' I was a very pure, lily-like girl in that play. Just a sweet debutante, a guarded young lady—very proper, very prim, and quite irreproachable as to character." There was mingled scorn and weariness in Miss Le Gallienne's voice. "I began my stage career in this country, also cast as a perfectly proper young woman. Miss Barrymore selected me to play the role of a titled Englishwoman in a play with her. I was supposed to be very snobbish, come of an excellent family, and, of course, have good morals and quite puritanical views. It was dreadfully boring. I never would have been able to keep it up, but for the fact that I was so deeply grateful to Miss Barrymore for choosing me as a protégée, and for giving me such a splendid opportunity to gain a start in this country.

"Then, too, in this play, I discovered the surprising fact that I actually looked well in evening clothes. I had always thought I was too plain to make a good stage appearance in dressy clothes, but I really looked quite all right."

STILL striving valiantly to idealize a certain type, we attempted to steer the conversation into a different channel. The little mahogany table at Miss Le Gallienne's bedside was covered with books. Books! They might lead us back to safety. Maeterlinck, for instance—

"Do you like the Russian writers?" asked Miss Le Gallienne. "I have just got over an orgy of Russian reading. Turgeneff, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy. I became sad, gloomy, introspective, after such a literary debauch, and then every one in the company asks me why I look and act so depressed. Just now I'm studying the Russian

language. I'm intensely interested in everything Russian.

One of the roles I'd like most to play is Hilda, in Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." Oh, yes, I am fond of the role of 'Julie', but it's—well—it's a minor chord. I want to strike a major note. Julie is more or less of a negative type—sweet, affectionate, susceptible, sinking her own personality in that of the man she adores.

"I want to portray a more vibrant type—a stronger woman, with a more colorful personality. I'm tired of being meek and mild and retiring. I want to come right out on the stage, and let people feel that there's force of character back of the type I delineate."

And then, as a very little, and very generous girl, often praises her playmates, Miss Le Gallienne spoke enthusiastically, and almost reverently, of her idols. There was Ethel Barrymore, whom she considers one of the finest women in her profession, particularly kind and helpful to aspiring young actors; Ben Ami, whom she believes the greatest actor on the stage today; Nazimova; and Margalo Gillmore. And while speaking of members of her profession, American newspaper dramatic critics came in for a scoring.

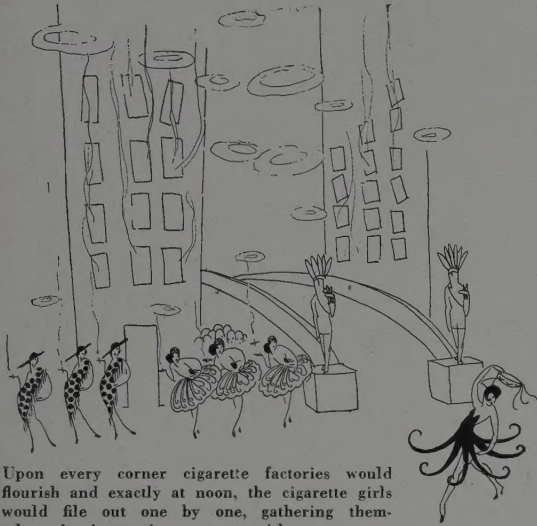
THEIR criticism is so destructive," said Miss Le Gallienne, a bit bitterly. "When a young actress is cast in a leading role, they oftentimes criticize her for not doing as well as an actress many years her senior. On the other hand, they very often extravagantly praise a young actress, thus completely turning her head. As a result she feels that she has reached the pinnacle of fame, and has nothing more to strive for. Why, in Europe, an actress or actor is not taken seriously by the dramatic critics or by the theatre-going public until he has reached 35 or 40. The critics may hint that a young actress 'shows promise', but she never receives much more praise than this. But, then, of course, everything is done differently in Europe than it is here.

"Just the other night while dining out with a young Russian friend of mine, we touched on this very subject. We agreed for instance that the dollar language was the most generally spoken over here. My friend said: 'Every one over here talks in figures of money—fifty dollars, twenty-five dollars, ten dollars, five dollars. In Russia, money is not the topic of conversation. Friends get together and discuss the soul, the spirit, the mind, intellect, science, literature, the hereafter.' And it is true. I have noticed, even in Russian books, that no sooner is a young woman introduced to a young man, say, in the coach of a train, or a drawing room, then she begins to ask him about his soul. It does not take them very long to get acquainted." (Continued on page 288)

IF MARY GARDEN WERE MAYOR OF NEW YORK

By CHARLES LE MAIRE

This series of visions was rapped out by our own private table tipping control and is absolutely authentic. We have sketched them for you so that you, too, may know just what would happen under the circumstances



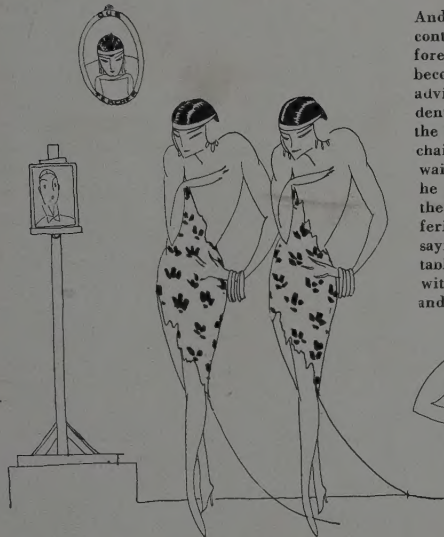
Upon every corner cigarette factories would flourish and exactly at noon, the cigarette girls would file out one by one, gathering themselves in interesting groups with an eye to dramatic effect while they raise their cultivated voices in the well-known *Smoke Song* from *Carmen*



Here are all the prima donnas in America (the rest have gone through the door) being deported as useless and unnecessary articles. As they fling their ermine wraps about their shoulders, they bite their carmine lips in rage and snap their fingers in chagrin

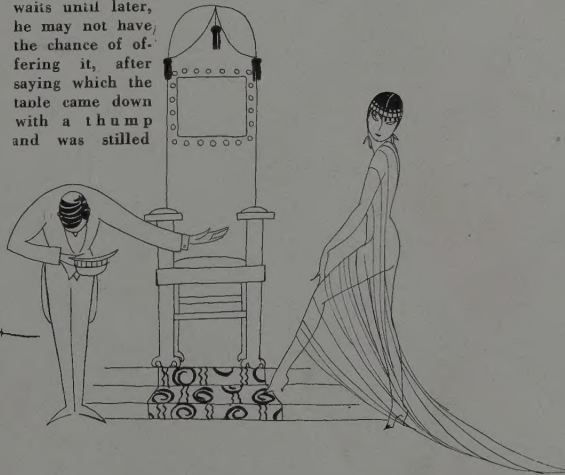


The whole city would be laid out neatly and efficiently like a stage setting, no more grey buildings, no more dirt. Little carpets of green paper grass would be arranged here and there down Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and the more drab parts of Greenwich Village and the Bronx. Besides, the city's corps of maids would try at noon, armed with bottles of Mary Garden perfume, to spray the streets, a method infinitely superior to the usual clumsy one of keeping them sanitary

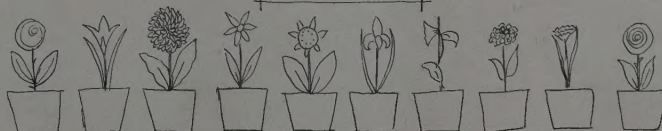


Here we have another phase of city life under this regime—the vamp school. This, like compulsory military training, would be a national institution necessarily attended by every young girl between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two. Graduates would receive a diploma and the right of using the letters E. V. (experienced vamp) after her name.

And, added our control, even before Miss Garden becomes Mayor, I advise the President to offer her the presidential chair. If he waits until later, he may not have the chance of offering it, after saying which the table came down with a thump and was stilled



OUR FLOWERS
GUARANTEED
PERFUMED
ONLY WITH
MARY GARDEN PERFUME



Why has not America a national costume? This lack would be supplied immediately upon Miss Garden's inauguration in office. All women would be required by law to dress a la *Carmen*, the type of costume most becoming to the Mayor.

And, after that, we lost all hope of getting the sort of article we had planned in advance. We let the conversation run willy nilly. It is surprising the number of things in which this actress is interested. Her particular hobby is languages. She speaks several well, and is now studying Spanish and Russian. She is extremely fond of reading, and when on the road, carries around with her an ingenious invention of her own—a combination wardrobe trunk and bookcase. She modestly declares that she still has much to learn about acting, and whenever she can spare the time she visits theatres and studies the work of actors whose art she admires.

She finds her greatest amusement reading dozens of plays which amateur authors send her, always going over each one carefully for the germ of a good idea or plot. Even her work on the "subway circuit" interests Miss Le Gallienne.

"It's ever so much fun playing in Brooklyn," she said, mischievously. "I learn so many new things about 'Liliom.' The audiences laugh hilariously at points in the play which I had been led to believe were filled with pathos. For instance, when Liliom goes through his ordeal of fire in the life hereafter, my Brooklyn audiences roar with glee. They think him frightfully funny. Mind? Not

in the least. You cannot expect any one to take from a play any more than he is intellectually able to take. Brooklyn audiences aren't the only ones who give themselves away. I have heard many people admit that they did not understand 'Liliom' at all, and did not know whether it was a comedy or tragedy, a drama or melodrama. If you have the understanding soul 'Liliom' will not 'go over your head.' If you have not, you cannot be blamed for not appreciating Liliom or Julie, or their sorrows. Besides, I am satisfied if I have merely entertained my audience. That is why, after all, people, as a rule, come to the theatre."

The Ten Best "Props"

By LISLE BELL

AS the dramatic year draws to a close, the critical pastime of handing out the laurel begins. The producers are sitting in their box offices, counting out the money, and the actors are beginning to look forward to the relaxations of the Atlantic or of Great Neck, but meantime the critical judges, both professional and amateur, are busy thumbing over their accumulated programmes. Those who have blue ribbons to pin, prepare to pin them now.

These exercises usually take the form of "ten best" and "ten best that." Combining over the productions of the season, the experts select the plays and players who have, in their estimation, contributed most to the advancement of their art. Their choices, alphabetically arranged or else tabulated in the order of merit, are duly published to a waiting world, and mere theatregoers spend many a pleasant evening quarreling with their decisions or improving upon them.

The Drama League makes an authentic choice of those who have rendered the greatest service to the cause, and those thus honored are invited to a banquet, where they occupy such positions of distinction, and are in fact so conspicuous, that one wonders whether they really have a chance to enjoy the food. Perhaps, however, the actors who attend these functions do not have to satisfy an appetite, and so merely go through the motions of eating with evident relish, much as they might do while taking part in a stage meal.

There is something truly fascinating about stage food, and the manner of its histrionic disappearance. Who will ever forget that patient loaf of bread that Margaret Wycherly kept eternally cutting in "Jane Clegg"? And does anyone recall a more intense scene of drama than that opening of the last act of "The Grand Duke"—with no one on the stage but Lionel Atwill and his breakfast? Here was drama reduced to highest nutriment—the conflict between an epicure and his spices which was as packed with thrills as a conflict between a dope fiend and his vices. Atwill gave as much thought and deliberation to the dressing of his salad as

Ziegfeld gives to the undressing of his chorus.

The more we think about the importance of this property breakfast, the more we are struck with the fact that the whole domain of stage props has been neglected in the annual awards of the drama experts. Burns Mantle edits a volume of the best plays of the year; the magazine critics issue their ukases of ten best "unfeatured male players," and "unfeatured female players;" even the reviewers at Podunk and the one-night stands get out lists of the best things that have come to the "opry house,"—and all this time the props have languished, unwept and unsung.

Here goes, then, for the ten best props of the season of 1921-22:

1. The Sunday paper in "The First Year." This award might properly have been made last year, only—as we said—the idea wasn't in operation then. Frank Craven has always placed great trust in the power of props in writing plays. The victrola and the bottle of washwoman's gin are examples of his skill, but best of all is the Sunday paper. Its delayed appearance in the final act is fraught with as much suspense as the delayed relieve, which always came just in the nick of time in the old melodramas. It doesn't seem like a Christian Sunday to the old father until that paper arrives; it is undoubtedly entitled to a position among the "ten best."

2. The box of chocolates in "Dulcy." This noisy prop is on in only one scene, but it holds the center of the stage for the time being. Thanks to a particularly audible brand of waxed paper, it practically drowns out a touching scene on the piano. This box of chocolates must be a near relation to the kind the matinee girls bring with them; it's the only prop of the season with a speaking part. Its lines fairly crackle.

3. Lenore Ulric's powder puff in "Kiki." This prop has a rather intimate and frivolous role, of which it acquits itself well. Its appearances are unexpected—and its disappearances even more so.

4. The Jazz in "The National Anthem." Although an off-stage part, it really dom-

inates the drama. Mr. J. Hartley Manners is perfectly frank in casting syncope to the winds, and while Laurette Taylor teeters toward tragedy and then toddles back toward better things, one hears the prop personification of modern evil, soughing and saxophoning in the wings. It's a big rôle for a prop, admirably interpreted.

5. The family Bible in "The Intimate Strangers." Booth Tarkington, better than any other American playwright, knows the value of a sentimental prop, discreetly cast. The Bible which enters so tenderly into the question of Billie Burke's age (we speak solely of the drama; not of the lady herself) could not be improved upon, and in fact has not been since the time of King James.

6. John Drew's simulated false teeth in "The Circle." We say simulated because any assumption beyond that is an affair between Mr. Drew and his dentist—not for outsiders. Nevertheless, the occasions when Somerset Maugham has introduced the old roué's counterfeit molars into the action are sharply defined, and never fail to strike a responsive guffaw from the audience.

7. "Gibbon's Decline and Fall," etc. This prop plays the rôle of the "heavy" in Mr. Milne's otherwise light comedy. The use to which it is put, however, seems to place less emphasis on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire than it does on the decline and fall of Mr. Gibbon himself. A soporific prop in a wide-awake play.

8. The far-western bar in "The Squaw Man."

9. The middle-western bar in "The Deluge."

10. The down eastern bar in "Anna Christie."

Two of these bars figured in productions of Arthur Hopkins, and unquestionably Mr. Hopkins' well-known theory of unconscious projection was a factor in their success. In truth, the projection did not cease at the footlights but carried over into the consciousness of drama lovers and others, where it stirred vague memories. A prop that can do that deserves the blue ribbon—even under the blue law.



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The Dancing Lesson



Bruguere

Part I: Adam (George Gaul) and Eve (Ernita Lascelles) seated in the Garden, under the Tree of Knowledge, learn from the Serpent the secret of Death and Life

SATIRE AND PSEUDO-PHILOSOPHY IN



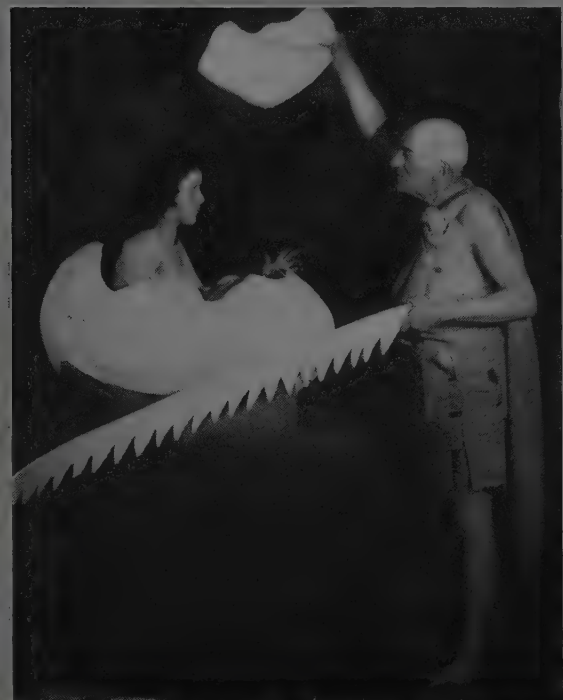
Adam and Eve, now grown old, wrest their living from the hard soil, while their sons have learned to hunt and murder

Photos Bruguière



(Center)

Part III: 2170 A.D. Science has made wonderful discoveries, not the least being a telephone which makes possible a vision of the person spoken to



The Flapper (Martha Bryan Allen) of 30,000 A.D. is born at the age of 18 from an egg. The He-Ancient (Moffat Johnston) opens the shell and releases her

The Elderly Gentleman (Albert Bruning), made up to look like Shaw himself, comes to a tragic end after seeing all his illusions shattered



SHAW'S FANTASTIC "BACK TO METHUSELAH"

"Ambush"

A Play in Three Acts by Arthur Richman

THIS new American playwright first attracted attention two or three seasons past with "Not So Long Ago," that charming play of old New York, of the 1850 period, when crinolines and feminine modesty and loveliness, and high stocks and old-fashioned gallantry were still in vogue, and the brazen young flapper had not yet inflicted herself upon the community. Utterly different in mood and setting is his new play which deals with the pitfalls that await parents who allow their daughters to ape the ways and morals of the harlot. The following excerpts are printed here by courtesy of Mr. Arthur Richman and the Theatre Guild

Copyright 1920, by Arthur Richman

THE play opens in the humble, yet respectable home of Walter Nichols, a clerk, in the suburbs of New York. High-principled, punctiliously honest, Nichols has never stooped to any of the tricks that enable some men to make money. All his life he has remained a drudge, unable to push his way out of the clerk class into a position where he can give his wife, Harriett, and daughter, Margaret, the luxuries and pleasures for which they long—a fact which they bitterly resent. At the opening of the first act, Walter and his wife are alone in the room, while Margaret is dressing to go out. Harry, a friend of Margaret's and a rather common young man of the would-be sporty type, enters. In a short scene, Harry accuses Margaret of not going with him any more, because she prefers the society of richer men. Alone with Harriett, Walter expresses his fear that Harry may be right in saying that Margaret is only interested in people of wealth, but he receives little consolation from his wife whose sympathies are all with her daughter. Margaret re-enters.

MARGARET: (*At window up R. C.*) What time is it, father?

WALTER: (*Consulting his watch*) Five minutes to eight. Where are you going tonight, dear?

MARGARET: Just motoring.

WALTER: Mr. Kraigne and you alone? No one else?

MARGARET: We might pick up some friends of his—I don't know.

WALTER: I'd take a wrap—it's only June, and it may blow up cooler.

MARGARET: They always have wraps in the car.

WALTER: What time will you be home?

MARGARET: (*Angrily*) For Heaven's sake, stop asking questions! (*Walter starts to speak*) I know what you're going to say—it's only your love for me. But I'm nearly twenty, dad, and for two years I've been working in New York. I think I'm entitled to do as I please *once* in a while!

WALTER: (*Gently*) I meant nothing by my questions. It's natural that I should want to know what you do and who your friends are. Your mother feels the same way about it, I'm sure.

HARRIET: No, I don't. Leastways, I don't ask questions.

WALTER: There's only one thing, Margaret. When you stay out late I worry. (*Margaret starts to speak*) I can't help it—I'm made like that. Last Tuesday—

MARGARET: Have I got to hear about that again?

WALTER: I am merely asking, dear, please not to stay out so late again. You were late at the office twice last week—you told me so, yourself—and that's a mistake. Now, am I forgiven?

(*Margaret offers hand—they shake. Lightly*) Have you decided where you and your mother will spend your vacation?

HARRIETT: I won't go away—I don't enjoy it Margaret's been invited to spend a week with some friends in the mountains—it would be a good thing for her to go.

MARGARET: You see, father, it would be cheaper too, that way.

WALTER: It's kind of you to think of the expense, dear, but I could spare it, if you really wanted to go somewhere. (*He stops suddenly*)

MARGARET: (*In vague alarm*) What are you looking at?

WALTER: That bracelet—that's something new, isn't it?

MARGARET: (*Alarmed*) Why, that—(*She casts an appealing glance at her mother*). . .

HARRIET: It's just a little thing Margaret bought the other day. It ain't real.

WALTER: Imitation?

HARRIET: Of course; how could she afford it, if it was real?

WALTER: But that's so—so vulgar. . . . I detest doing things like that. Suppose the people out here should see you wearing it. They won't know it's imitation and they'll wonder who gave it to you.

HARRIETT: (*Scornfully*) Who cares what people say!

WALTER: (*To Harriett*) I'm surprised that you should encourage it. I wish you would take it off, Margaret, and we'll see if it can be returned next week.

MARGARET: No!

WALTER: Please, dear, I'll buy something real for you at your next birthday. . . .

MARGARET: What are you going to do with it?

WALTER: Does it come from New York?

MARGARET: Yes.

WALTER: Your mother can ask them to take it back, the next time she goes there.

HARRIET: Give it to me, then. (*She rises and goes to Walter*).

WALTER: We'll keep it here until you need it. MARGARET: (*Cries sharply*) I'm getting sick of all this!

HARRIET: I don't blame her. Young people are young people—if she feels like having such things, let her have 'em. . . .

WALTER: You won't drive very far with Mr. Kraigne, will you?

HARRIETT: Orange isn't very far.

WALTER: Orange?

HARRIETT: (*To Margaret*) Isn't that where you're going. You told me so.

MARGARET: (*To Walter*) Alan has a girl cousin living there, and we thought of visiting her.

WALTER: (*Pleased*) That's a very good idea. You won't be late, dear. (*To Margaret*) Look dear, do you know what these are? (*He shows her some bonds*) These are bonds worth ten thousand dollars that I bought with the money your uncle left me. They're being kept for you.

MARGARET: You've told me that before.

WALTER: I know, but I like to remind you why it is I don't always buy you the things you'd like. You'll be glad some day that they were kept for you.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Jennisons, their neighbors, then enter. Seymour is an aggressive, opinionated loud-talking man of the salesman type. He has begun to make money rapidly and he tries to persuade Walter to go in with him, telling him that it is his duty toward his wife and Margaret. Alan Kraigne comes for Margaret and they go off together. Act II, eleven o'clock on Sunday morning shows Harriett and Walter waiting for Margaret's return. She has been out all night and has sent them no word of explanation. Mention is made of her bracelet, and Walter, who has accidentally discovered that it is worth \$200 or \$300 and is not an imitation as Margaret asserted, is greatly relieved to discover that Harriett is apparently in complete ignorance of its real value. The Jennisons ask Harriett to take a drive in their new car, and while they are talking, Margaret comes in. The others go off leaving her alone with her father.

WALTER: Sit down, dear.

MARGARET: But what's the idea? (*Catches herself*) I mean, father, that I'm sleepy. Besides, people are coming for me later and I don't want to look tired out.

WALTER: (*Walter has crossed to her. Entirely from tenderness he tries to place his hand on her shoulder. At the first touch she shrinks back in vague alarm. He looks at her*) Are you afraid of me? (*She gives him a quick look, dark and suspicious, dropping her eyes again*) You act as if you were, and I've wondered sometimes whether you hide your real feelings from me because you feel I would disapprove.

MARGARET: You do find fault an awful lot.

WALTER: I don't mean to. There *are* times when I feel I ought—for your own sake. . . .

MARGARET: You take things too seriously.

(Right)

ESTELLE WINWOOD

This clever English actress, seen in "The Circle" before she assumed the title rôle in "Mme. Pierre," cannot complain in this instance of "Too Many Husbands," although she gives the unfortunate Pierre good cause to bewail "The Tyranny of Love"



JANE MILLER

This daughter of a well-known Mississippi family will play the lead with Grant Mitchell in a sketch called "The Future," by Lawrence, the author of "The Ghost Between"



Campbell



Ira L. Hill

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE

Whether the terrors of the hair-raising "Cat and the Canary" will leave enough of its heroine for any future productions, is a question. Let us hope so, for this young actress won a place in Broadway's affection by her work in "Seven Days Leave"; and later as the wilful daughter in "Ambush"



Victor Georg

(Left)

PEGGY WOOD

Winsome and lovely as ever as Marjolaine, in the charming operetta of that name, is this young prima donna of "Buddies," "Maytime," and a score of other musical comedies

WALTER: That's it—I take things seriously. I wish to Heaven I didn't, but since I do, I'm going to ask you to relieve me a little. Do you think it wise to keep the company you do?
MARGARET: What company?

WALTER: Mr. Kraigne, for instance, and his friends.

MARGARET: Alan goes with the nicest people in New York.

WALTER: You can't afford to go with such people.

MARGARET: It doesn't cost me anything.

WALTER: Not in money, perhaps—*(She looks puzzled)* Character and principles—and self-respect. I've noticed so often of late that you seem dissatisfied here at home.

MARGARET: *(Warmly)* Well, who wouldn't? The only thing that makes it bearable at all is that I sometimes have a chance to get away from it. *(He drops his head. Margaret is affected)* I don't mean to hurt you, father, but since you ask me I have to tell the truth.

WALTER: And you don't see my reason for wanting you to give them up?

MARGARET: I certainly don't. *(A pause; he tries another tack)*

WALTER: How do you spend your time when you are with those people?

MARGARET: *(Wearily)* Oh, goodness!

WALTER: I didn't mean that. Does—does Mr. Kraigne ever make love to you?

MARGARET: *(gasps, but immediately breaks into a laugh)* What an idea!

WALTER: Margaret, darling you must tell me the truth! *(Fixes his eyes on her and a note of steadiness creeps into his voice)* Where did you get the bracelet you wore last night?
MARGARET: *(Calmly)* You heard all about that before I left. Are you going to begin again?

WALTER: You told me you bought it yourself and that it wasn't real.

MARGARET: Yes, and you know that's the truth because mother knew all about it.

WALTER: Your mother repeated what you had told her.

MARGARET: Let me get this straight. You think I didn't tell the truth; is that it? And you think mother didn't either?

WALTER: No! No! No! You told her the stones weren't real and she believed it, just as I did.

MARGARET: *(Rising, speaks gravely)* I won't stay in a house where I'm called a liar.

WALTER: Margaret! We must come to an understanding.

MARGARET: *(Furiously)* Do you suppose I'll stay here and be spoken to like that!

WALTER: However much it hurts both of us, we must have it out.

MARGARET: Well, come on. What is it?

WALTER: Where did you get that bracelet?
MARGARET: I bought it.

WALTER: Where did you get the money to buy it?

MARGARET: *(Scornfully)* You haven't forgotten that I work, have you?

WALTER: You couldn't have saved enough from your salary to buy anything like that.

MARGARET: *(Laughs)* An imitation!

WALTER: *(Shaking his head)* It isn't an imitation.

MARGARET: It is!

WALTER: I know better, dear. The diamonds are real.

MARGARET: Well, what if they are? Diamonds of poor quality are almost as cheap as imitations.

WALTER: You couldn't possibly have paid for it.

MARGARET: *(Pause. Pale and tense she is like an animal driven into a corner, ready to fight)* Now remember; if you drive me too far, I'll leave this house and never come back!

WALTER: I'm not trying to hurt you—oh darling, can't you see I'm trying to help you? There's no use in your running away—I'll follow you and wait. *(She is undecided)* I must understand this, because, if I don't, I'll never have another peaceful hour. I only want it settled now—between us—so your mother needn't know.

MARGARET: *(Quickly)* You don't want mother to know about it?

WALTER: Not if we can possibly help it. It would hurt her too much. Now, dear.

MARGARET: If you must know, it was given to me.

WALTER: Why didn't you say so from the start?

MARGARET: You'd have made me give it back. I wanted to keep it.

WALTER: You preferred to deceive me about it, and to deceive your mother.

MARGARET: I deceived you both. What about it?

WALTER: Who gave it to you? *(No answer)* Mr. Kraigne?

MARGARET: Maybe.

WALTER: *(Exasperated)* Was it Mr. Kraigne?

MARGARET: Yes, it was Alan.

WALTER: *(Now she has answered, his voice loses all asperity)* Men don't make gifts like that unless they are very fond of a girl.

MARGARET: What do you know about such men? They're not like you and your friends. *(Archly)* As a matter of fact, though, Alan does like me.

WALTER: It's more than that!

MARGARET: *(Trying to be angry, but actually frightened)* What do you mean by that?

WALTER: *(Looks at her closely. She drops her eyes. He backs away—she bursts into tears)* Dearest—*(For an instant he cannot go on)*

Oh, my little girl, all I want in the world is to see you happy. Whatever has happened, I will never blame you—never. Trust me. If you have made some mistake—Nobody need ever know. Just you and I, darling—no one else. Why, I'll surround you with tenderness and love—

MARGARET: I'm not good enough to touch you!

WALTER: *(His fear now becomes a certainty; he looks before him with dull eyes and open mouth, then there is a moment of silence)* I'm your father, I love you, I want to help you.

MARGARET: I don't want you to help me! I don't want anybody to help me!

WALTER: *(Shaking his head, smiling weakly)* Do you think I'm the kind of a father who would turn his child out of house? No, dear, I'm going to love you, and help you and make you forget. You're only a child, darling, after all.

MARGARET: I wasn't to blame! I swear I wasn't to blame!

WALTER: I'm sure you weren't, dear—I'm sure. *(She rises and starts for phone up R. C.)* Where are you going?

MARGARET: He's calling for me at four o'clock—I'm going to telephone and tell him not to come.

WALTER: *(Involuntarily)* No! *(She looks at him)* I'm excited, dear, I hardly know—You're quite right, dear.

MARGARET: *(At telephone)* Morristown 8225. *(She waits for an answer, and a sob escapes her. Hearing an expression of her grief he has a struggle to keep his own tears)* 'Daddy, I'm so ashamed!

WALTER: *(Looking at her)* It's all right, dearest. We're going to begin all over again. Now we understand, we can lay plans for the future. After today we'll never speak of it—never.

MARGARET: *(At telephone)* Morristown? Mr. Alan Kraigne, please. No? *(A great fear comes into her eyes)* Will you give him a message, please. Tell him Miss Nichols cannot meet him this afternoon. . . . *(Hangs up receiver, Walter rises)* He isn't home. *(Resolutely)* I shall never see him again.

WALTER: That's right, dear.

MARGARET: If he comes here, we mustn't see him, father—not you, either. *(She sobs).*

WALTER: *(Tenderly)* Do you love him, dear?

MARGARET: Do you think, if I didn't—?

WALTER: No! No! I understand. He made love to you, he made you believe—. Did he promise to marry you?

MARGARET: He loved me, father, and he promised to marry me, and I loved him.

WALTER: Of course, dear—what a fool I was not to understand. *(Furiously)* These men, with plenty of money and no conscience, dangle their gifts and their promises before a girl's eyes—

MARGARET: He would marry me, only—only his people won't let him.

WALTER: He has told you that?

MARGARET: His father would disinherit him if he did.

WALTER: The beasts! The beasts! *(After a moment)* Tell me about it, can't you—won't you?

MARGARET: It began a month ago. He told me he loved me.

WALTER: And did you care for him?

MARGARET: Oh, so much, father! He told me that some day we would be married. You can imagine how I felt. He's the only man I ever loved, father.

WALTER: Did you ask him when you would be married?

MARGARET: He said it would happen before the winter. And then—*(She breaks down, burying her head in her hands)* I knew I was doing wrong! I knew it! But he said he would marry me and that as long as we were going to be married, it was all right.

WALTER: He said nothing then of his parents' opposition?

MARGARET: A week later. *(Thinks hard)* Yes, it was a week. It nearly killed me. *(A pause)*

WALTER: *(Puzzled)* Even after he told you, you continued to meet him?

MARGARET: *(In a hard tone)* Why not? Nothing mattered any more.

WALTER: You mustn't say that! You mustn't believe it!

MARGARET: My life is ruined. I don't care now what happens to me.

WALTER: No, Margaret, everything can be all right—it depends on the future.

MARGARET: Do you really believe it can, daddy? Say you believe it—



Photo Lipshutz

MAURICE SCHWARTZ

As the sage in "The Dibbuk," that renowned production of the Yiddish Art Theatre, which he also directed, this eminent Jewish artist has earned the universal acclaim of *connoisseurs*. Broadway hears with interest that Mr. Schwartz plans invading it in the Fall,—due in part to union difficulties existent in the world of the Ghetto's playhouses

WALTER: (*Encouragingly*) Of course I believe it, dear. You're a good girl at heart. MARGARET: You'll trust me?

WALTER: Always! (*Holds her tightly*) They've lied to you and made you unhappy. All I've ever wanted was to make you happy. But it's going to be all right, dear. If he loves you enough he will break down every obstacle and claim you; if he doesn't, you must bury your love for him deep down in your heart and little by little time will lay the dust upon it.

MARGARET: (*Margaret raises her head*) You must never mention all this again—never!

WALTER: After today not a word will be said. It's our secret. Your mother will never suspect—you'll see.

MARGARET: I couldn't stand it! *With infinite tenderness he takes her in his arms and kisses her. Tears start afresh from her eyes, and as he releases her she utters a great sob. Still weeping, she rushes from him and hurries up the stairs.*

WALTER: (*At telephone*) Morristown 2—no—8225? Is this Morristown 8225? Mr. Howard Kraigne, please. (*Listens*) Mr. Kraigne? (*Instinctively he becomes the clerk, and there is something deferential in the way he introduces himself*) This is Walter Nichols speaking—Walter Nichols, the clerk at L. A. Preston & Co. I hope you'll pardon my telephoning to you, Mr. Kraigne—

Soon after, Alan Kraigne's father enters. A conversation between the two fathers reveals the fact that Margaret has deceived her father both in saying that she spent the night with Alan's girl cousin, and in saying that Alan's parents would disinherit him if he married her. Mr. Kraigne says that he is quite willing to let Alan keep his promise to marry Margaret, but in a later scene, Alan easily convinces his father that this is not the first affair that Margaret has had with a man.

WALTER: Your mother will be home soon. Thank God she didn't come while they were here! (*Margaret, her handkerchief to her eyes, moves to the stairs. As she goes, Walter recalls something*) Margaret? (*She stops*) What did young Mr. Kraigne mean by saying "If there were any good reason why I should marry her?"

MARGARET: How should I know?

WALTER: (*His eyes distressed, grasping the back of the chair*) There—there has never been anyone else?

MARGARET: Oh! (*She is furious again, and her voice is loud*) This is more than I'll stand! You've gone too far this time! Now you'll be sorry for it!

WALTER: Margaret! I didn't mean that! I didn't! Margaret! (*He tries to take her hand, she draws back her arm and strikes him on the side of the face*) MARGARET: Damn you! Damn you! (*He recoils from the blow, crushed more by the fact that she has done this than by any physical pain. Margaret rushes up stairs*) . . .

Harriett returns from her

drive to find Walter looking worried, and Margaret crying in her bedroom, neither of them willing to admit that there is anything the matter. Harriett and Walter are talking together when Margaret appears. She is dressed for the street, wearing a hat and carrying a small bag.

WALTER: Margaret!

MARGARET: (*Dully*) I can't stand it here any more.

WALTER: Dearest, you mustn't go. Mother and I have just made some plans—Listen, dear; we both believe that Mr. Jennison's scheme is a good one. I'm going to sell the securities we've been holding and invest the money in it. All but a few hundred dollars. Those few hundred I'll keep out and you can buy anything you want with it.

MARGARET: (*Chokingly*) Father!

WALTER: (*He gently takes the bag from her hand, laying it on the chair near stairs*) There; will that be all right?

MARGARET: I don't deserve your kindness! I'm a wicked girl! Just forgive me this time, Daddy, and I'll never be wicked again, I'll do anything I can to deserve your love! . . .

Act III is also laid in the sitting-room at the Nichols' home. Margaret is preparing to go out with a new admirer, George Lithridge, who, she tells her father, may marry her some day. She is anxious to stop working, because George's friends look down on her for doing it. Walter, who is worried about business, urges her to wait a little. Margaret goes to dress. Walter tells Harriett that his old firm, with whom he has worked for seventeen years, has discharged him. The Jennisons enter, and Seymour tells them that the company in which he and Walter have invested all their money, was a swindle and has completely failed. The Nichols have lost every cent. Their home is heavily mortgaged. Ruin, starvation stares them in the face. After the Jennisons leave, George Lithridge, a wealthy, good-looking man of forty, calls. He sees something is amiss and Margaret tells him of their financial distress. While she is talking with him off-stage, Harry enters. Later Margaret and George come in. George asks Walter to take a position as clerk in his business. He waits outside while the family discuss his offer.

MARGARET: What are you going to do, father?

WALTER: I shall accept, of course. It seems a splendid offer.

MARGARET: That's sensible. And here, father—here is enough money to pay the rent for the house. (*Shows him some bills*)

WALTER: No! No! I can't take it.

MARGARET: Don't be foolish. It's a loan, George has such heaps of money it doesn't make any difference to him.

WALTER: I can't take it.

MARGARET: (*Irritably*) I'll leave it here. You can do as you please. (*Lays money on the desk*)

HARRY: Well, I'll be damned! (*They look at him*)

WALTER: You ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming here in this condition.

HARRY: (*Ugly*) Say, is that so? Well, I know what I'm doing, don't you fear. Why do you suppose that fellow is doing all this? (*Margaret is about to protest*) Do you suppose there's nothing more between them than friendship?

WALTER: You're in no fit condition—

HARRY: Ain't I? Well, I'll leave it to anybody. Here's a married man coming to see Margaret, lending her father money, giving him a job—

WALTER: A married man!

MARGARET: Can't you see he's drunk?

HARRY: Oh! I know him! The first job I ever had, I used to see him. He's got a wife and two or three kids. Find out for yourself.

WALTER: (*Falteringly—to Margaret*) W—What he says isn't true?

MARGARET: (*Defiantly*) Well, what if it is?

WALTER: You—you knew it all the time?

MARGARET: I knew he was married before I met him.

WALTER: But only a little while ago you gave me to understand—here, in this v—very room—that you thought he might marry you!

MARGARET: Well, I had to tell you something, didn't I?

WALTER: But— (*Suddenly breaks out*) I can't believe it! I won't.

MARGARET: (*Coolly*) Can't believe what?

WALTER: After that other time you promised—

MARGARET: Yes, and I meant it.

WALTER: You meant it! Well, then, if you meant it—

MARGARET: (*Indicating Harry*) Do we have to talk about this in front of him?

WALTER: (*Weakly*) I don't understand any of it! All I know is that everything—is going to pieces!

MARGARET: Why wouldn't it, when a man thinks more of fine ideas than he does of supporting his family?

WALTER: Stop it! Stop it! You're just that kind of a woman! Forget that I said that—I didn't mean it. (*Again furious, but no longer with Margaret*) It's all that other man's fault—that Alan Kraigne! (*Remembering Harry's presence, he looks at him open-mouthed*)

MARGARET: (*Bitterly*) He's heard enough to understand. You might just as well go on. But what's Alan got to do with all this, I'd like to know?

WALTER: If he hadn't deceived you—made promises and then lied about them—none of this would have happened.

MARGARET: He didn't lie to me.

WALTER: He promised to marry you.

(Continued on page 332)

THE NEXT PLAY

To Be Given In This Series Will Be

"THE DOVER ROAD"

Comedy in 3 Acts by A. A. Milne

Author of "Mr. Pim Passes By"

which is now running at the Bijou Theatre, New York, with great success

(Below)

EUGENE O'BRIEN

If any god of the films is capable of making a maiden's heart flutter, surely it is this Apollo, whose very name spells romance to the movie fan



RODOLPH VALENTINO

Black are his eyes, very white his flashing teeth, and roles of passion and adventure the ones that suit him best



Muriella



WALLACE REID

He lifts one eyebrow and sighs of adoration echo through the darkened house; he arches them both, and every woman is at his feet

(Right)

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Be there a simple, lovely maiden in distress, this actor is sure to be the pure-hearted, country boy who will save her



Sarony

R O M E O S O F T H E S C R E E N

Russian Actors Under Soviet Rule

Theatres Open and Performances of High Artistic Standard, but Players' Condition Is Wretched

By J. F. TAYLOR
American Relief Administration

TO the casual observer in Petrograd, the former Imperial theatres, now the Academic, show very little sign of being tainted with the universal decay apparent in almost every other walk of life. The ballets are as gorgeous and spectacular as ever, the opera as well sung, and the artistic standards of the dramatic stage as high; and as a result the theatres are apparently the only sound spot in a rapidly disintegrating body.

The appearance is specious. A month ago, several actors in the United States made a gift of \$500 to be distributed through the American Relief Administration to the neediest artists and students of the famous schools of the opera, ballet, and dramatics—the schools that are responsible for Pavlowa, Mordkin, Karsavina, Fokine, and others. The workers of the American Relief saw the other side of the curtain in their investigations—its rags, tatters, threadbareness, and general tawdriness—and were appalled by what they saw. There were no neediest; all were needy in common; and if an actor or actress could get enough food to give him or her strength to appear at night, he felt he had got all that could reasonably be expected of life.

It was found that the conditions under which these men and women lived and worked, and attempted to hold up the banner of their art—often with hands blue with cold, and shaking from weakness—were unbelievably bad. In order to eke out a precarious existence, the actors are unloading cars, breaking up frozen barges for fuel, sawing wood, cooking and washing for their own needs, and yet hardly succeeding in keeping themselves away from the edge of starvation.

This is in sad contrast with the former condition of these artists. When the Revolution of February, 1917, struck, the first thought of the actors of the Imperial theatres was to save the theatres and their magnificent stores from robbery. They planned to work out a system of autonomy for the theatres, to carry on without any help from anybody, and to preserve intact their traditions, their theatres, and their stores. They succeeded for a time, because the leaders of the first revolution, and of the October revolution, knew nothing about the theatre, cared very little for it apparently, and never mixed in its internal life. But presently the governing party, through the Commissary of Education, who was in charge of all theatres, interjected his finger into the mechanism of the theatre by means of the following proclamation:

"Long life to Art! The destroying spirit is also the creating spirit. Long life to the theatres which have to devote themselves to the education of the masses! Long life to the artists, the priests of Art!" This was all very pleasant, and as far as

it went, very heartening. The Proclamation continued that the authorities would take care of the theatres and the actors, would look after their needs, would guard them from every outside discomfort and distraction, so that they might devote their whole time to the perfection and the expression of their art. Encouraging words—but only words. They racketted among the theatres for a time and filled them with echoes—and nothing more. In the tag of Mickey Free,

"They say some disaster befell the Paymaster; 'But faith, an' I think that the money's not there!'"

THE theatres were no better off at any rate, and the condition of the actors declined steadily into mere wretchedness. The salaries of the privileged artists were obtained only after energetic efforts by the loyal managers of the Academic theatres, and through the kindness of the Commissary of Education. But even when the salaries were obtained, they were wholly inadequate, and would sustain a bare existence for only a few days. The best actors got a wage of 55,000 roubles a month. Besides this, they got a premium of 75,000 roubles a month if they had sedulously visited every play and every repetition. The base pay was paid every two weeks without delay; but the premium was paid with delays of from one to three months; so that an actor might wait the full three months before he got the 125,000 roubles due him.

Contrast this salary with some of the current prices for commodities. A pound of black bread costs 3,500 roubles; butter, 45,000 to 65,000 roubles; sugar 50,000; meat, 17,000; ten eggs, 24,000 to 30,000; a bottle of milk, 4,500 to 6,000; a pair of shoes, 700,000 to 1,000,000; two and a half cubic meters of wood, one to two million roubles; and a suit of clothes, one and a half, to two and a half million roubles. A fare on the tram car costs 1,000 roubles; and if you want to ride in a cab, the fare is 50,000 roubles.

You can easily see then where an actor's entire monthly salary (when he was able to get it) went in the space of a week for bare necessities; and how for the next three weeks he must skirmish like a soldier for only enough to keep the breath in his body.

THE result is that the actors are undernourished, poorly and insufficiently clothed, and (if they want to live at all) live like rabbits in a warren. For the sake of economy many of them will herd in a small flat, and sleep on anything that is handy. They can afford to heat only one room, and if they want to go from that room to another, have to bundle themselves in their heaviest clothing. Wood is so expensive and so scarce, that they can afford to keep only one small stove

going; and while they are attempting to roast their shins in front of it, they freeze upon the other side.

The back stage areas of the theatres are just as cold. The dressing rooms are as frigid as ice-boxes, and to change one's clothes in them is to court immediate death from freezing. As a result the actors must walk to the theatres in costume, so that it is no uncommon sight of an evening in Petrograd to see a procession of classic figures passing along the street, the men kilting their coats as they pick their way through the snow, and the women mincing in their paint and wigs.

Of course, these men and women can play, and they do; but it is a gigantic obstacle to the expression of true art when the exponents have not eaten all day, and are not certain when they will eat again; when their families are starving and shivering at home; when a biting Russian wind thrusts icy fingers through the rents of their coats, and makes the flesh upon their bones livid and pebbly; and when the mere sight of food makes a man's blood riot like the thoughts of passion or fear.

Yet there is no let down in the endeavors of these men and women. They carry on in season and out of season, and in the face of difficulties that at the first glimpse are overwhelming. They keep their sufferings to themselves, and with empty stomachs, and hands blue to the wrists, they sing, or dance, or act before the public as joyously (to all appearances) as well, and as artistically, as ever they did. That is all the abstract casual observer sees; and on that vision he bases his assumption that altogether the actors are a jolly lot and have a devilishly good time of it.

THE other side of the shield is not nearly so well burnished, and is tracked besides with the marks of sweat and blood. When the actors are not in the theatres they are mending roads, unloading cars, chopping wood, cooking and washing, or doing any other sort of work, laborious or menial, that will buy them a bit of warm food or put a leather sole between their feet and the iron earth; and they are herding in lodgings that are fit only for pigs, among people of inferior tastes and education, who can neither sympathise with them, nor understand the reason for their sacrifices.

A few of the better known actors fare a bit better, because they are often invited to theatres located in factories, barracks, warehouses, etc., where they are paid for one performance five times what they could make in the Academic theatres in a month. The pay does not always take the form of money. Sometimes they are paid in food or clothes; and one famous actor wept with happiness

(Continued on page 338)



DORA LOYO

Fitting background to a beautiful face is an ornamental fan when handled by such an expert as this Spanish concert singer who is soon to appear in music comedies here



PEGGY MARSH

As coquettish as the veil which covers but does not conceal, is this fan of lace, behind which hides the pretty dancer whom New York is once more enjoying



PAULINE HALL

One of the attractions of "Good Morning, Dearie," is this singing comedienne whose former appearances include "The Night Boat," "The Half Moon," and "The Love Letter"

REAL FANS OF THE THEATRE

The Metamorphosis of Owen Davis

Feathered His Nest with Crudest Melodrama But Now Seeks to Improve the American Drama

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

WHAT a difference between "The Detour" and "Nellie the Beautiful Cloakmodel"—and yet the same man wrote them both! Much water has flowed under the bridge since the latter play was written, not only for Mr. Davis but for the theatre as well. The ten, twenty, and thirty cent melodramas have passed into the movies, and Mr. Davis, today, is content to write slowly rather than under high pressure. "Yet do you know," he confessed to me, "no matter how good the work I may turn out in the future,—when I come to die, they will say, 'There goes the author of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloakmodel".'"

Even in those days, when Al Woods, the father of melodrama, reigned supreme, and with more enviable reputation than he does with his bedroom farces of today, there was always a bit of incongruity in the fact that Owen Davis, classmate of Winthrop Ames at Harvard, in the class of '94, should be creating such monstrosities of impossible events as crowded, one upon another, in an evening's entertainment on Eighth Avenue. He had learned the trick of melodrama, he tells us, when he was connected with "The Great Ruby" company, and there was a formula, a convention, which Al Woods used to hand to his authors, as clearcut as directions which the shops give for knitted sweaters. In fact, was it not once told of Woods that he called either Davis or Theodore Kramer to his office where, upon the floor, were stretched four glaringly colored posters? "This is our next play," exclaimed the manager, "and these are the climaxes I want." You had to lay villainy and virtue on thick in such plays, with none too gentle brush; it was necessary to slap your audience in the face with one kind of homely philosophy, and, for fear of their not "getting you," you smote the other cheek at an opportune moment. When things were a little too strenuous—when your heroine had jumped from the elevated railroad tracks to escape an on-rushing train, into an elevator shaft, where the freight car was slowly descending—it was time to halt your piece and send a redheaded newspaper lad onto the stage for a humorous scene,—an anecdote, a tattle-tell, what writers on technique call "comic relief." Heroines with tapering waists were loved, villains with drooping moustaches were hissed, little brothers, crippled and with coughs, were maltreated. Such was the formula.

AND Davis did it well. In those days Al Woods used to refer to him as the Augustus Thomas of melodrama, just as he used to speak of Kramer, author of "Jenny, the Sewing-Machine Girl" as his Clyde Fitch. He played the game for what it was worth, and when it got out of fashion, and when the class of audience

brought up on such stuff began to realize that life, in an afternoon, was not made up of such continued horrors,—he turned his hand, with equally as apt a technique, to plays of different character. Like George Broadhurst, like Eugene Walter, like Charles Klein, he learned the tricks of the theatre, and used them legitimately for



OWEN DAVIS

An industrious purveyor of rank melodrama who seeks to appease his conscience with such plays as "The Detour"

the commercial theatre,—melodramas of a more reticent nature, like "At 9:45" and "Those Who Walk in Darkness."

The opprobrious term, "melodrama," is much maligned; it is a very legitimate aspect of American life, and as such appears continually in our plays. While it is rampant in our movies, in the theatre it is now held in restraint. Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour," supposed to represent him in serious mood dealing with psychic phenomena, contains supreme melodramatic moments; Broadhurst's "Bought and Paid For," measured as that dramatist's best work, culminates in melodrama; Fitch's "The City," in serious mood, pulses with it. One of the characteristics of modern American plays is melodrama—but not used for itself alone. One could not expect Owen Davis to desert it.

Yet, out of the blue, came "The Detour"—with none of the tricks so cleverly used by him in his other plays; prolific though he is, easy writer though he seems to be, here is the culmination of high work, dialogue that grows out of life, is born of simple character—the progressive story of simple, quiet situations, representing inward struggle, and elemental prejudices.

For the first time in his long career, Davis had an artistic success on his hands—one out of which he will make little or no money, where in former pieces, not even remembered by the theatre public, he has accumulated a comfortable fortune. What a temptation it is to follow the lines of least resistance in the theatre! There are not many like Henry Arthur Jones who declares that he wrote the melodrama, "The Silver King," so that he might have enough money to afford writing the kind of plays he wanted. How one wishes that a sudden light might descend upon Avery Hopwood, author of "The Girl in the Limousine" and "The Demi-Virgin" and turn his clever pen to material more worthy!

THOUGH "The Detour" ran only a short while, it was acclaimed as a sheer bit of realistic writing, representative of the very best so far found in American dramaturgy. It will not be surprising to see Davis, in the future, continuing with some of his money-making schemes; healthy melodrama, even if it is a little emotional, is perfectly permissible. But "what will be his next step in the kind of work he can do, as represented by "The Detour"?" His most recent piece, "Up the Ladder," while superior to his earlier crude melodramas, does not live up to the promise of "The Detour." I sought him out to ask him that question.

Nowadays, when we talk of the theatre, we turn to Eugene O'Neill and his plays as the hope of the drama,—just as many years ago, not to have said that Moody's "The Great Divide" was THE American drama was to have shown ignorance. How many times have I shown my ignorance. Just as I did when I spoke somewhat roughly of Alice Brown's "Children of Earth." I am a great admirer of O'Neill; his little plays are written out of his burning experience—an experience which has left him with a curious contempt for life. So similar is his seafaring career with that of John Masefield, yet from it all Masefield brought to his poetry an exquisite realization of spiritual beauty. O'Neill has yet to find spirit; he has yet to work out for himself technique. Davis spoke of that. I found the author of "Convict 999"—there, you see how a sensational reputation clings—author of "The Detour," I mean—a student of plays, interested in the success of others as well as of himself, intent on the improvement of playwrighting for the good of the American theatre.

"I consciously went to work," he confessed, "to write a play which would disdain to resort to tricks of the stage—which would tell a relentless tale of narrow existence, struggling to set itself free." The mother who tries, through her child, to

(Continued on page 332)



Germaine (Violet Heming), in "The Rubicon" at the Hudson, does not love her husband (Warburton Gamble)—at least she does not think she does until the advances of another admirer make her realize that her true happiness lies at home

White



White

The amusing Banquet scene in "To the Ladies" at the Liberty, where the employees of John Kincaid, the pianoforte manufacturer, meet to do honor to the successful head of the firm



Pierre (Roland Young) in "Mme. Pierre" at the Ritz, fed up with Charlotte's (Estelle Winwood) nonsense, is determined to break off their *liaison*, but he finds it a harder job than he anticipated

Photo Schwarz

IN WHICH COMEDY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

Players See Themselves As Dolls

New Toy the Rage in Actors' Dressing-Rooms and Homes

By CHARLES CAVENDISH

HOW'S your little Vodka today?" "Oh, he's propped up here in a corner of my dressing room, looking more jaded than ever." "How's your Purple Lady?"

"She's been vamping every one in sight, including Mr. Belasco. I understand that Pauline has a little blonde Mary in her home. Got her just the other day."

If you should overhear a conversation something like the above between two stars of the theatrical firmament, don't be startled. They are not speaking of children, Poms, or Vampires. They are referring to their dolls, the latest fad for grown-up ladies, and men, too, for that matter. Not only are they the rage among those of the profession, but they have made their bow in society also. We must have our little fads, you know. Otherwise life would jog along in too monotonous a fashion.

The particular pampered dolls which are now being carried around in theatre circles, finding a welcome not only on the stage, but in dressing rooms, limousines, and homes of well-known actors and actresses who own them, are strange little rascals. They are first cousins to the Benda masks. They are uncanny minxes, with attenuated legs and arms, long, thin, bodies, ghastly little hands, and they have strange features, clothes, hair, expressions and poses. If you should stumble over one in an unlighted dressing room in a theatre you would get the shock of your life. Some of the little imps leer, others smile foolishly, a few scowl angrily. But there are beauties, too, among them, who are so alluring that every one who sees them falls victim to their charms. They are such fantastical creations that it is difficult to describe them. Then, too, each doll is different from the other, in character, expression, and raiment. Even their creators find it difficult to describe them.

THESE decorative dolls are made by two Belgian girls, sisters, Helène and Mathilde Sardeau, who came to New York two years ago from Antwerp. The younger sister, Helène, who has done some etching and portrait painting, models the faces of the dolls in clay, and paints them in oil. The long, thin bodies are made of cloth and stuffed. The hair of the dolls is made of colored wools, cord, or string. The artistic and colorful silk and satin costumes are designed and made by Mathilde Sardeau who explained how the dolls first were made, and how they became the rage in New York, among women of the theatre:

"Helène was always fond of dolls as a child, and always carried with her the idea of creating an unusual kind of decorative doll. Somehow, when I was little, I never cared about playing with toys of this kind, but I used to adore making dresses for them. It's rather a coincidence that now I work on costumes for our

dolls, and my sister plays around with the making of them. Of course, it involves a great deal of time and hard work, but, just the same, Helène gets a whole lot of fun out of the making of these odd little creatures. We showed the first few we made to a friend of ours, and, somehow, an actress heard about them, and their popularity was soon an established thing. We have already made many of these dolls for well-known stage stars, who, in many cases, posed for the faces themselves so that their toy dolls are counterparts of themselves. Still other actors and actresses prefer to have their dolls represent the characters they delineate in the plays in which they are now appearing."

One of the first of the dolls made was ordered by Eva Le Gallienne, of "Liliom" fame. She presented it as a gift to Nazimova.

ANOTHER one of the early output of dolls was the Green Lady. That's another feature about these decorative dolls. Their owner can give them such distinctive names or titles—not just Ann or Rose or Marie—but a whole string of words to describe their particular type. The Green Lady became the property of Helen Dryden. As soon as The Green Lady was introduced to people she came under suspicion. She was nicknamed "The Lady With the Past." There was something—well—distinctly not on the level about The Green Lady. Her creator originally intended to have her represent a quaint type—an old-fashioned girlie—innocent and sweet and young. But she persisted in turning out to be something quite different, despite her quaint, green silk dress, trimmed with strips of black fur. Perhaps her Titian hair placed her under suspicion, or it may have been her Mona Lisa smile. At any rate, she looked as though she had not always lived the discreet sort of life a perfect lady should have lived.

The most unusual type of these unusual dolls are those which represent stage characters, the portrait dolls. There is one of Lenore Ulric in the rôle of "Kiki," the head with its short, straight black hair, and the face with its impudent smile. Then, there's a head of Pauline Lord as "Anna Christie," a doll with flaxen, rosey hair, a somewhat drawn face, and wearing that hopeless, pitiful smile which Anna Christie wears. This doll was the most difficult of all to make, according to Miss Helène Sardeau, though Miss Lord posed for several hours in her dressing room for the face. Miss Lord's is an elusive type, according to the doll artist, and much depends on her expressions, which are transitory, and difficult to catch and mould into clay.

Other dolls in the throes of birth are those to be made for Miss Elsie DeWolfe, Carlotta Monterey, who will probably have a doll representing her own type of

dark Spanish beauty. Doris Keane, Margalo Gillmore, in the rôle she plays in "He Who Gets Slapped," Richard Bennett, also in his rôle in "He Who Gets Slapped," and dozens of others who will eventually be the petted idols of stage stars along Broadway. Only three dolls languish at the studio of their makers, and they expect momentarily to be adopted into the dressing rooms or the homes of stage stars. These are "Vodka," his affinity, "Stupid," and the Hindu Dancer. Vodka is a Russian peasant boy. At first glance you can tell that he is hopelessly drunk. He wears a blue satin peasant's jacket, red satin trousers, a blue cap, with its visor tilted sideways, and bronze shoes. His flaxen hair is cropped in a zigzag fashion, as though he himself wielded the clippers while Barleycorn had the upper hand. His nose is red, and he smiles in a tipsy fashion.

He is enamored of "Stupid," a blonde peasant girl, who hasn't sense enough to come in out of the rain. Her long blonde braids are made of rope, and tied with green satin bows. She is attired in rather an attractive costume, though, made of orange satin, trimmed with Armenian embroidery. Her puffy sleeves are of tan silk georgette, and she wears a basque, or tight bodice. She simpers back at Vodka whenever he smiles at her, and these two unfortunates are inseparable. They are constantly twined in each other's arms, face pressed against face. Ask Helène Sardeau about them, and she shrugs her shoulders. She neither holds them in contempt, nor pities them.

VODKA is drunk, but happy," she says philosophically. "And he is in love, which adds to his blessings. His sweetheart is stupid, but contented. In fact, that's why she's happy, because she's so brainless. They are a good pair. Let them go their happy, ignorant way.

The Hindu dancer wears one of the most enchanting costumes of all the dolls. He has cerise, glittering silk trousers, of Turkish cut, with blue trimmings. He wears a blue turban, blue sandals, and has long dangling strings of beads flapping around him. His face has a greenish tinge, unhealthy, but, nevertheless, interesting. One of the remarkable features of these ornamental dolls is their graceful, easy way of falling into various positions. No matter how you drop them, or set them up, or hang them on the wall, they will always fall in a natural pose. The Hindu dancer, when dropped anywhere about a room, will sink into a reclining attitude of ease and grace.

The new fad has become such a craze that theatregoers have placed orders for dolls to represent their favorite woman star; actors are having dolls made which are counterparts of their leading women; and actresses are giving portrait dolls to their co-workers.

Have You a Little Poupée In Your Home?

Unusual Dolls Startling Replicas of Well-Known Stage People

Photos by Ira L. Hill

(Below)

Any doll representing Lenore Ulric as Kiki could not be anything else but legs and arms

As a doll, Eva Le Gallienne shows that some quality of restraint which marks her Julie in "Liliom"

After two or three bad whiskies in "Anna Christie," even Pauline Lord's doll feels the need of support

In the case of Richard Bennett, only the head is left to be slapped

Carlotta Monterey's doll, as usual, holds her head high

(Below)

A. P. KAYE

To dress, to act, to *be*, Lloyd George, and never even to have seen the statesman he so cleverly impersonates, is no small feather in the cap of this versatile English actor. However, Mr. Kaye is probably used to the society of the great, for his stage debut, in "True Blue," was made before the king and all the royal family. Ten years ago, he came to this country in Shaw's "Man and Superman," and has since played with Grant Mitchell in "The Tailor-Made Man," and "The Champion"



(Left)

GALINA KOPERNAK

Colorful, tempestuous, mercurial, best describes this new young actress from Russia. A political refugee, Miss Kopernak fled from the Bolsheviks to Shanghai, where for a time, she headed a company of Russian exiles, and finally arrived in New York less than a year ago. The hit she made in the leading rôle in "Montmartre," warrants the prediction that she will long linger in Broadway's affection



Goldberg

HITS of the MONTH



Brugliare

EDNA MAY OLIVER

A surprisingly good performance—especially in view of the short preparation—was that given by this actress of the mother-in-law in "The Rubicon." Another actress being unable to play the part, Miss Oliver was engaged at the eleventh hour and more than made good. She was first seen in New York with Arnold Daly in "The Master." Then came the part of the drunken aunt in "Oh Boy," and, as she says, she has been "drunk ever since," first in "Wait Till We're Married" and then in "Her Salary Man"



GEORGE HOWELL

This clever actor who, in "To the Ladies," plays the part of the business man with military bearing, was in fact a soldier in the Spanish War, and also served in an important capacity in the Great War. Incidentally, he has appeared in numerous Broadway productions, the latest being "Where's Your Wife?"

White

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE.
"THE HAIRY APE." A comedy of
Ancient and Modern Life in 8 scenes,
by Eugene O'Neill. Produced March
9, with this cast:

Robert Smith, "Yank,"	Louis Wolheim
Paddy	Henry O'Neill
Long	Harold West
Mildred Douglas	Mary Blair
Her Aunt	Eleanor Hutchison
Second Engineer	Jack Gude
A Guard	Harry Gottlieb
A Secretary	Harold McGee

IN "The Hairy Ape," Eugene O'Neill reaches the topmost peak of towering accomplishment. If it were my gift, for this achievement, I'd again award him the Pulitzer prize for the best play of the year, a study profound and moving in its picture of the futility of brute power in its sole opposition to the conventions of society and the overwhelming authority of capitalistic control. A play which provokes discussion and evokes partisans, pro and con, must have merit. There will be those who will decry "The Hairy Ape." They are the re-actionaries who insist that reference to class prejudice should be ignored, and that there is no such thing as inequality. There are those who will object that its language is too violent. It is unusual, but it is apt, picturesque and poetical in its brutal directness. There will be those who will insist it doesn't run true to technical form—that it is discursive, polemical, and episodic. It may be answered that it serves to present a central character with a faithfulness to life, a responsiveness to moving influences and a vividness of contrast, as brilliantly engaging as it is vitally poetic in its delineation of a certain phase of life. It is life, therefore it is truth, and truth is beauty. "The Hairy Ape" is apocalyptic in its message.

The stage settings, considering the limitations, are quite wonderful, and designed by Robert Edmond Jones and Cleon Throckmorton are so artistically realistic that they suggest pictures by a Bellows on a larger scale.

The acting, too, is of the highest order. "Yank," the protagonist, is the stoker on an ocean liner, who in himself feels he is the steel, the bone and sinew of the great boat, the steam

that energizes its tremendous power, only to find how helpless he is against the combined forces of modern society. It is a graphic and stirring characterization replete with power and eloquence—as given by Louis Wolheim. The poetic advocate of the days when sailing ships were kings of the seas, is deftly and graciously handled by Henry O'Neill, and the eloquent champion of the proletariat was nicely pictured by Harold West. In fact, all the roles were acted with intelligent enthusiasm.

GARRICK. "BACK TO METHUSELAH." Philosophic fantasy in 5 parts by Bernard Shaw. Produced Feb. 27. Cast:

F. Barnabas, Elderly Gentleman,	Mr. Bruning
Adam, Napoleon, Male	Mr. Gaul
Haslam, Archbishop, Arjillax	Mr. Howlett
C. Barnabas, Barnabas,	Mr. Johnston
Joyce-Burge, Burge-Lubin, Pygmalion	Mr. Kaye
Lubin, Confucius, Zozim, Martellus	Claude King
Cain, Strephon	Dennis King
Envoy's daughter, Newly-born	Miss Allen
Eve, Woman, Female	Miss Lascelles
Minister of Health, Lilith	Miss Lawton
Savvy, Zoo	Miss Woodruff
Serpent, Maid, Mrs. Lutestring,	
Oracle, She-Ancient	Miss Wycherley

THAT the Theatre Guild has achieved the impossible and deserves the greatest credit for giving beautiful and novel settings to, and making actually live, the fantastical characters of Bernard Shaw's interminable pseudo-philosophical "Back to Methuselah," none can deny. Whether this latest and most voluminous opus from the pen of the witty Irishman is worth the time, intelligence and energy spent on its stage presentation is another matter.

The work, of course, was written to be read, not acted. Its place is the library—or is it the barber's chair? Chiefly talk, there are no opportunities for acting in the common acceptation of the term—only an ocean of verbiage, diabolically clever in the usual vein of brilliant, jocund, mocking Shavian satire, with occasional stretches of oppressive dullness, and long-winded to the point of exhaustion to both players and audience. Indeed, not the least astonishing feature of the

production was the extraordinary feat accomplished by the individual players in memorizing the formidably lengthy speeches. Albert Bruning, particularly, performed a prodigious *tour de force* in this respect. As the Elderly Gentleman—a part twice as long as that of Hamlet—he went through the maze of words without a slip.

So vast in volume that it can be given only in a three week cycle, each week successively being devoted to two parts, "Back to Methuselah" is obviously nothing to interest the *t. b. m.*, a delicate plant who could certainly never hope to recover from his chronic state of fatigue if compelled to sit through even a tenth of it. As a travesty on contemporary British statesmen and policies—none of which can be expected to meet with the author's approval—and a peep into the far distant future by a professional humorist whose imagination has no limit, the play—by courtesy one may call it that—is for the most part vastly entertaining. The world's jester, or mountebank, as Shaw himself prefers to be styled (we all have our pet vanities) has never been funnier or wittier. The scintillating brilliancy of the typically Shavian dialogue, the constant, marvellous flow of sardonic wit, the cynical quips, bitter gibes, flash through the dialogue like a shower of sparks from the blacksmith's anvil. As a festival of ironic humor it is a rare intellectual treat. Shaw—He Who Slaps—cracks his whip like the clown in the international circus he is, and you dance and laugh to his music till you ache from sheer physical exhaustion.

But after four long hours of the same endless flow of talk, the humor begins to pall. One begins to wonder how any human being found the physical energy to write this mass of nonsense, delightful as it is. Necessarily caviare to the multitude, the author can never hope for commensurate box office returns to reward him for the stupendous effort involved. Or can it be that Shaw really takes himself seriously and thinks his work contains a message for mankind? If actually intended as a contribution to the speculative thought of the day, the work is utterly worthless. Who in his senses would ever

dream of taking Shaw seriously—this scoffer who has derided every decent impulse, giped at every honest effort, stung the hand that fed him, mocked at courage, love, patriotism, religion, faith; jeered at filial affection; sneered at the sanctity of family ties? Shaw as a moralist? Pshaw! One might as easily imagine the devil masquerading in sacerdotal robes.

We all know that Shaw writes with his tongue in his cheek, sincerity and honesty of purpose being quite foreign to his nature. Of ideals, real convictions, philosophy of life—he has none. In argument, he blows hot or cold, as his sense of humor prompts. Himself a man of no apparent standard of human conduct, an avowed *revolté* against the self-imposed conventions of organized society, a mere juggler of words, a literary acrobat, an intellectual contortionist, Shaw would be the first to jeer if you took him or his theories seriously. Frankly a jester, his one aim is to shock Mrs. Grundy and raise a laugh, and in this, it must be confessed, none succeeds better than he. No doubt he enjoyed hugely filling endless sheets of foolscap, indulging his well-known propensity for twisting the British lion's tail, making fun of English men and institutions, incidentally venting his vitriolic spleen on Lloyd George and Herbert Asquith, both of whom are dragged in, together with Napoleon and Confucius, for no apparent reason except to get a slap at them. The two British statesmen, each of whom appears in startlingly life-like make-up—are shown as shallow, insincere, self-seeking charlatans, quite unworthy of the high place they hold in the nation's esteem. Only Chinese and negroes, argues Shaw, are fit to govern Britain, the Englishman being too much taken up with week-end golf. This highly diverting scene in Part II, while only a passing episode, is characteristic of the spirit of the whole.

It would be impossible to give within our limited space a detailed synopsis of the entire work. Divided into five sections, Part I starts logically with "In the Beginning," where we see the still guileless and naked Adam and Eve in the Garden, tempted by the sophisticated Serpent to eat of the Tree of Knowledge, that they may learn the secret of death and life. In the next tableau almost a thousand years have passed. Eve, having peopled the world, finds that her sons and sons' sons, as typified in Cain, the first slayer of Man, are deteriorating because of the lessening length of life.

Her desire to have Man live long enough to understand the meaning of existence and fulfill its promise, foreshadows the theory of creative evolution: that is, evolution, not from species to species, but as an expression of human will in the individual. In Part II, "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas," the scene of which is laid in London at the present day, we find Franklyn Barnabas, the ex-churchman, and Conrad Barnabas, the biologist, propounding their astounding theory of the possibility of extending human life through the force of will, to the skeptical opportunism of Lubin and Joyce Burge, Shavian paraphrases of Asquith and Lloyd George. In Part III, "The Thing Happens." Nearly 300 years have passed. England is now a republic, of which Burge-Lubin, a ridiculous person combining the characteristics of Lloyd George and Asquith, is president. In this scene is given some idea of the advance made by mechanical science in three centuries, chief among which is a telephone which brings to the elbow of the person speaking, a vision of the person he is talking to. Burge-Lubin, for example, calls up the negress Minister of Health, of whose voluptuous dusky beauty he is enamoured, and to his dismay, finds her in her bedroom in a state of *déshabille*. He had unfortunately plugged the wrong hole. This scene of farcical political satire is followed in Part IV by "The Tragedy of the Elderly Gentleman." It is 3000 A. D. The capital of the British Empire has been transferred to Bagdad, the British Isles being now the home of the long-lived. The Elderly Gentleman, supposed to represent British middle class respectability, encounters on the pier of Galway Bay, a formidable young person of fifty named Zoo, who ridicules all his most cherished convictions. A party of eminent tourists from Bagdad confront this reality of a long-lived race, and finally the tragedy of the Elderly Gentleman—whose loquacity is at last mercifully silenced by a flash from the eye of the fake Delphic oracle—foreshadows their inevitable extinction. Part V, "As Far As Thought Can Reach," laid in the year 31,920 A. D., depicts the ultimate development of Shaw's theory.

The interpretation of the gigantic work was so uniformly excellent that to praise one, is to praise all. To Albert Bruning, perhaps, falls the lion's share of the honors. As the Elderly Gentleman—a part in which he appears with tall white hat and

long whiskers to represent Shaw himself—he not only astonished the audience by his feat of memory, but he gave to the role dignity and poise, and played it in the proper serio-farcal spirit in which it was written—a truly admirable performance. A. P. Kaye contributed an astonishingly life-like portrait of Lloyd George, and Claude King was equally felicitous as Asquith, and later, as Confucius.

Ernita Lascelles imparted charm and dignity to the part of Eve. George Gaul was a satisfactory Adam and Dennis King a forcible, picturesque Cain. Moffat Johnston was sufficiently aggressive as the doctrinaire biologist, and Stanley Howlett played with distinction the role of the Archbishop. Margaret Wycherly was authoritative and impressive as the Serpent and the Oracle.

Not the least among the achievements of this notable production were the fine stage settings by Lee Simonson.

BOOTH. "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS." Play in 3 acts, by A. A. Milne. Produced March 14, with this cast:

Oliver Blayds	O. P. Heggie
Isabel	Alexandra Carlisle
Marion	Vera Featherstone
William	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Oliver Blayds-Conway	Leslie Howard
Septima	Frieda Inescort
A. L. Royce	Gilbert Emery
Parsons	Mary Gayley

THE qualities one recognizes most quickly in the plays of A. A. Milne—a newcomer even among our newest playwrights—is the charm, distinction, and subtle humor of this author's dialogue, the whimsicality of his themes and the dexterity with which—in common with his fellow countryman and craftsman, Sir James M. Barrie—he manages to string out a whole evening's entertainment with almost no plot at all. Most noticeable was this in his first plays done here, the delightful "Mr. Pim Passes By," and his later pieces, "The Great Broxopp" and "The Dover Road."

In his latest play, "The Truth About Blayds," Mr. Milne has sought to produce a work of greater substance with characters more real and life-like, developing out of the varied circumstances of a genuine human problem, and the result is an exceedingly clever comedy, brilliant in characterization, interesting in its complications, charming in sentiment, amusing and mirth-compelling in its caustic satire—in short, a play that everyone must see, and which at once places its author

conspicuously among the most successful dramatists now writing for the English speaking stage.

The story is that of a shattered idol. Oliver Blayds, the venerable poet, has reached the patriarchal age of ninety, revered by all as the last of the great literary figures of the Victorian era. Notwithstanding his great age, he has continued to astonish the world by the undiminished freshness and virile beauty of his verse. At only one period of his career did his muse seem to fail him. That was his 1863 volume, the first to call forth adverse comment. But poems of still greater beauty, which appeared later, disarmed all further criticism and his renown was greater than ever. Honored by the whole world, in his intimate family circle he is regarded as little less than a god. For him, his daughters, granddaughter, grandson and son-in-law have sacrificed both freedom and happiness. The son-in-law—a fussy little man, most amusingly acted by Ferdinand Gottschalk—ambitious to shine as a new Boswell, has for years been collecting literary material of the great poet's life, to be published as a Memorial after his death. Isabel, his youngest daughter, twenty years ago gave up the man she loved, so she might devote all her time and affection to her famous parent.

Act I opens on the poet's birthday. It is a great and solemn occasion, the members of the family—well rehearsed by the son-in-law—being all assembled as the venerable gentleman is wheeled in to listen to a toast drunk to his health. Also present is Mr. Royce, Isabel's lover of twenty years ago, who has come to tender the poet homage on behalf of the younger writers of the day. The old man is particularly flattered when the visitor—after being prompted by Isabel—tactfully praises the 1863 poems. Royce and the others go out and the nonagenarian, left alone with Isabel, becomes reminiscent and strangely agitated. Isabel is alarmed and wishes to call for aid, but he forbids her. He says he has something on his mind that he must tell her. Reluctantly she listens, and as the curtain falls he begins his story.

In Act II, all the members of the family are in deepest mourning. The poet is dead. The son-in-law, now more fussy than ever, insists on burial in Westminster Abbey. But Isabel throws a bombshell. The dead man, she says, was not worthy of such an honor. He was a fraud. Seventy

years before he had lived with another young man named Jenkins—a gifted poet, who wrote the most glorious verse. No publisher saw any merit in his work, but he continued to write until their rooms were littered with unpublished Mss. Then he fell ill and died without anyone knowing he had ever lived. Blayds, himself only a mediocre poetaster—his only contribution to the Blayds output being the 1863 volume—took the Mss. and began disposing of them as his own. The merit of the poems was ultimately recognized and Blayds' fame grew.

This confession throws the family into consternation. If it is true, they possess nothing. The bequests he left to each, the house they live in, the very clothes on their backs—are not theirs, but belong to the heirs of Jenkins. The son-in-law is utterly crushed, and is more than inclined to brazen it out. Who will be the wiser? he and the others argue. But Isabel stands firm. No happiness can come from money acquired dishonestly. They must surrender everything to the Jenkins heirs.

The play, at this point, promises to close in tragedy and if the author had been true to himself, it would have so terminated. But there was the happy ending to be thought of and so the time-worn expedient of a will is resorted to. Mr. Royce discovers an old paper by which Jenkins made Blayds his sole heir. So, after all, the family is entitled to what they have. It is not so clear, however, that there is not a question of honor involved, and Isabel is at first firm for putting the matter frankly before the world. But the others are strongly opposed to any such step and when Royce renews his wooing, begun twenty years before and asks her to be his wife, she is easily won over to the argument that perhaps the least said is the better. This concession to the box-office, at the expense of sound morals, is the only flaw in an otherwise perfect play.

The acting is of the highest order. O. P. Heggie presents a remarkable stage portrait of the feeble, but still intellectually alert, nonagenarian. Alexandra Carlisle is forceful, and at the same time, womanly and sympathetic as Isabel. Ferdinand Gottschalk, as the son-in-law, has one of the best comedy roles of his long and distinguished career. Frieda Inescort is charmingly girlish as the granddaughter, and Gilbert Emery makes a gallant and discreet lover. Vera Featherstone

is satisfactory as the elder daughter, and Leslie Howard is particularly good as the grandson. Mr. Ames has given the play an unusually handsome setting.

LIBERTY. "TO THE LADIES." Comedy in 3 acts by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Produced Feb. 20 with this cast:

Leonard Beebe	Otto Kruger
Elsie Beebe	Helen Hayes
Chester Mullin	Percy Helton
Mrs. Kincaid	Isabel Irving
John Kincaid	George Howell
The Toastmaster	William Seymour
The Politician	Wm. F. Canfield
A Photographer	Albert Cowles
Tom Baker	Robert Fiske
The Stenographer	Norma Mitchell

WHEN the joint authors of so amusing and successful a comedy as "Dulcy," follow it up with one even better, it demonstrates that our roster of native dramatists is distinctly looking up. "To the Ladies" at the Liberty needs no prophet to predict a long and prosperous run. Messrs. George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly are the American prototypes of Meilhac and Halévy, for their observations is up-to-date and trenchant; their appreciation of the little humors of the day keenly observant, while so deftly satiric is their handling of our native bumpiness and amiable foibles that hearty laughter follows, peal upon peal.

"To the Ladies" is a pendant to that earlier play, "Dulcy," whose famous protagonist was the bromidic woman showed up in all her feminine weakness. It proves that self-satisfied man owes, directly and indirectly, a great deal of his success to the intuitive initiative of the weaker sex. Thus, in this comedy Helen Hayes is the practical helpmate and wife of a dreamily ambitious young piano manufacturer's employee, who derives his inspiration from advertisements and correspondence school of efficiency. His wife, when he falls down, steps into the breach and starts him well on the road to business success.

Miss Hayes' work is admirable in its sincerity and resource, and her pathetic moments have the true moving note. Otto Kruger, as the young husband, is adroitly comic. A performance of the fatuous business man, who takes himself so seriously, is pictured with rare insight and accomplishment by George Howell. It is a sterling bit of characterization matched only by that of his loving wife, tactfully sensible of his shortcomings, as im-

personated by Isabel Irving. The Banquet scene, where the piano employees meet to do honor to the successful head of the firm, is a scream in its unsparing showing-up of the insincerity of such functions. The veteran William Seymour is quite delicious as the Toastmaster, while Percy Helton, William F. Canfield and Norma Mitchell are equally good in rich character parts.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE. "THE FIRST MAN." Play in 4 acts, by Eugene O'Neill. Produced March 4, with this cast:

Curtis Jayson	Augustin Duncan
Martha	Margaret Mower
John Jayson	Harry Andrews
John, Jr.	Gordon Burby
Richard	Alan Bunce
Esther	Margherita Sargent
Lily	Marjorie Vonnegut
Mrs. Davidson	Marie L. Day
Mark Sheffield	Eugene Powers
Emily	Eva Condon
Richard Bigelow	Frederic Burt

ONE cannot reasonably blame Mr. O'Neill for habitually delving into the painful and repulsive in his stage stories. He may, with perfect justice, assert that at least three-fourths of every-day life as it is lived in civilized America must be more or less photographed in shadows. To be truthful, he feels, he must be largely unpleasant.

In this play, which is in one of its acts mainly a demonstration in obstetrics, he has exerted that obligation to the straining point. The scene is in a room adjoining a bed-chamber from which at intervals issue agonizing cries and moans, until, in the end, the information that "it's a boy," followed a few minutes later by the doctor's announcement that the mother is dead, completes one's feeling of an indelicate intrusion into a place that should be sacredly private. That the play undoubtedly gains much strength from this extremely frank scene, and that the author is obviously honest in purpose in writing it, must be its excuse. That it is tremendously effective dramatically cannot be denied.

Augustin Duncan, as Curtis Jayson, was convincing and sympathetic in the tenderer passages, and powerfully dramatic when occasion required. Margaret Mower, as Martha, the wife, looked and acted with sweetness and dramatic judgment for the two acts in which she was seen, and one rather regrets that she had to die—off stage—in the third, for she is very agreeable to see and hear.

CENTURY. "THE ROSE OF STAMBOUL." Operetta in 3 acts. Music by Leo Fall and Sigmund Romberg. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Produced March 7, with this cast:

Kemel Pasha	Henry Warwick
Kondja Gul	Tessa Kosta
Achmed Bey	Marion Green
Howard Rodney Smith	Jack McGowan
Bob	James Barton
Midili	Mabel Withee
Desiree	Elizabeth Reynolds
Abdul	Lon Hascall
Rodney Smith	Rapley Holmes
Bul-Bul	Elmira Lane
Sanda	Ottillia Barton

IN this Viennese operetta, the Messrs. Shubert have a production of which they can well be proud. "The Rose of Stamboul" is an exotic bloom, gorgeous in costumes and settings; the score, by Leo Fall and Sigmund Romberg, is filled with charming waltz numbers, and the lilting "Lovey Dove" love ditty, the theme of the score, wends its lyrical way through the three acts.

With the scenes laid in a harem in Turkey, in a palace at Stamboul, and on the Riviera, there was splendid opportunity for Oriental effects, and the most was made of these advantages. It was genuine artistry which achieved the colorful, eye-dazzling settings, and designed the beautiful costumes, which, in the harem scene, were little more than combinations of pastel shaded veilings and chiffons and a string of pearls or two.

Naturally one expects to see a large number of charming ladies in a Pasha's harem, and the one owned by the "Rose's" father was no exception to the rule. There were tall haremities, and short ones, plump ones, and thin ones, brunettes and blondes, and they behaved in a most decorous fashion considering that they were nothing more nor less than Oriental playthings. They said so themselves. But their extreme modesty caused them to veil their faces, stand behind screens while conversing with men, and even enshroud themselves in their filmy veilings when the subject of love was discussed. Nevertheless, in order to maintain the true tone of a harem, there were occasional flashes of bare legs, and once a harem favorite was carried across the stage on a golden lounge, and—well—apparently she was just going to or coming from her bath.

Tessa Kosta, as the Turkish rose, sang sweetly and made an attractive picture in her glittering gold and silver harem accoutrements; Marion Green, with a good voice and good looks, wooed her in true Oriental style

as Achmed Bey, the suitor chosen by her father; and Mabel Withee and Jack McGowan were an ideal ingenue team, dancing and singing well together. All of the burlesque comedy work fell to the lot of James Barton, who was genuinely funny as an eccentric valet who kept the harem in a turmoil with his slapstick stunts.

Zita and Naro Lockford, dancers, who, with Mabel Withee, are from the Folies Bergère, Paris, in oriental ballet numbers, were two of the shining lights of the harem, and their unusual and difficult entertainment never palled for a second. They are contortionists as well as dancers, and their accomplishments are many.

LYCEUM. "THE FRENCH DOLL." Comedy adapted from the French of Paul Armont and Marcel Gerbidou by A. E. Thomas. Produced Feb. 20 with this cast:

Baroness Mazulier	Adrienne D'Ambricourt
A Furniture Mover	James Hunter
Rene Mazulier	Eugene Borden
Baron Mazulier	Edouard Durand
Melanie	Laura Lussier
Georgine Mazulier	Irene Bordoni
Jackson	Will Deming
T. Wellington Wick	Thurston Hall
Emily Morrow	Edna Hibbard
Philip Stoughton	Don Burroughs
James Allen	William Williams

A BOULEVARD salad with very little dressing is the play Mr. Thomas has given us as one further contribution to the season's display of Gallic theatricals. Not even an American musical comedy book-maker would dare turn to the well-thumbed plot of the poor family that acts rich in order to catch a millionaire for their daughter, who, at the psychological moment in the second act, suddenly finds she can't go through with it because her heart has collapsed with love for a poor, but blond, college boy. This is the dramatic Koh-i-noor brought out again for "The French Doll" and polished up ever so slightly to meet the Spring trade. Were it not for a few songs, admirably accented by Mlle. Bordoni, a magnificent performance by Edouard Durand, as a French and rapacious papa, and a refreshing, real note interjected into one of the minor characters by that slyly capable Edna Hibbard this "French Doll" would be of the sleeping variety.

Irene Bordoni behaves throughout the entertainment like the artist she is; never by any chance conveying a note of genuineness but being always cap-

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TONY SARG ALSO GOES TO THE PLAY



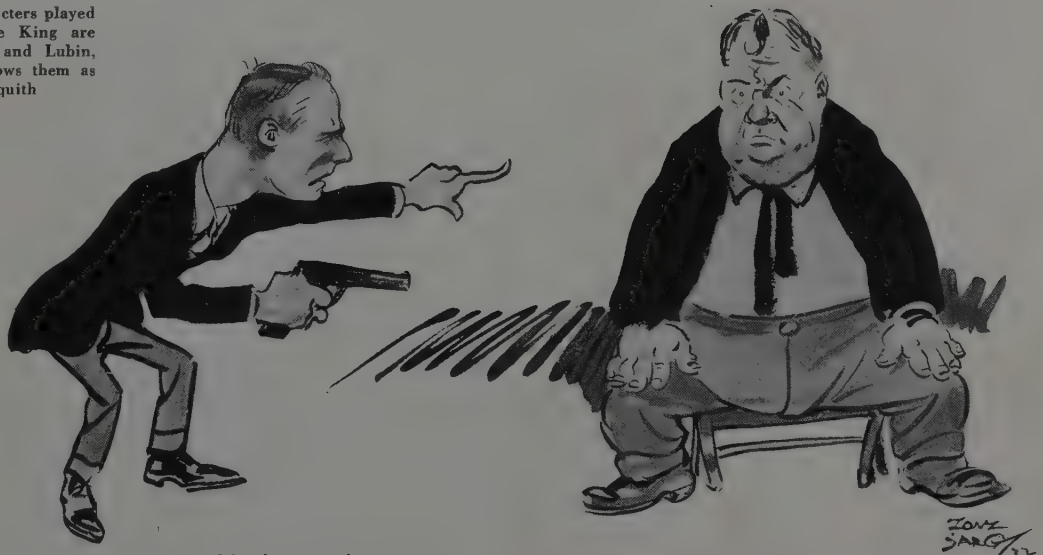
The fractious Charlotte of "Madame Pierre" (Estelle Winwood) purposely left her pet dog behind when she left her lover, Roland Young, forever so that if she wanted to come back—and she usually did to Pierre's dismay—she would have an excuse. But Pierre hastened to see that when she went she took everything



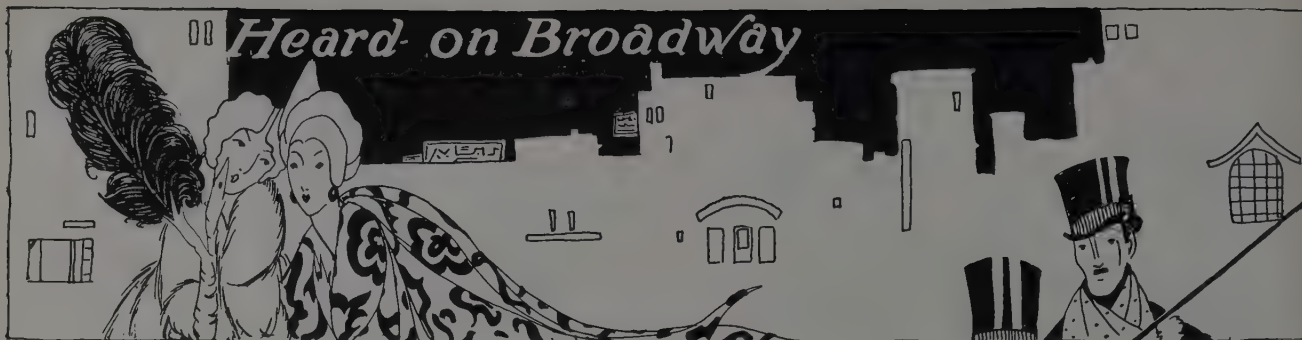
The ingenious idea of "The Cat and the Canary" is to make the nice young heroine, Florence Eldridge, go mad, but she seems hardened to such goings on—she comes from Greenwich Village—so the audience usually succumbs first. You can't see where the hand that steals her necklace comes from, but never mind, neither can she



In "Back to Mehuselah" it is the politicians' idea to make longevity a plank to win votes and yet restrict it to the really nice people. The characters played by A. P. Kaye and Claude King are programmed as Joyce-Burge and Lubin, but of course every one knows them as Lloyd George and Asquith



Madigan (Edward Nannery) is the only person unmoved by the persuasive manner of young Garrison Paige, but then this role is played by our chronically retiring manager, George Cohan—who incidentally also wrote "Madeleine of the Movies"



WHO would have thought twenty years ago, that Victorien Sardou and all his works would ever be flippantly referred to as "old-fashioned," that he would be ridiculed for his realism, jeered at for his rounded periods in the text, and placed generally in the class of "impossible" playwrights? Those of us who remember when Sardou was held up as the exemplar for all ambitious budding dramatists will feel indeed that the theatre is ungrateful. But let that go. The recent revival of "Fedora" was interesting to the old playgoer principally because it brought back memories of Fanny Davenport, as talented a woman as ever trod the boards of America, and Robert Mantell, who was for years her leading man, and whose Loris, in "Fedora," will never be forgotten though he play Shakespearian parts for twenty years longer—as he seems likely to do. There have been other Lories, notably Edwin Arden, who had the rôle when Bertha Kalisch was the Fedora some seventeen years ago. But for the perfect lover, handsome as an Olympian god, and as gorgeously passionate as most of them are reputed to have been, who could compare with Robert Mantell in those glorious days and languorous nights of the original Fanny Davenport "Fedora"?

WELL, it is difficult to select a pleasing, glove-fitting title for a play, as every dramatist and theatrical producer knows. Eugene O'Neill must be congratulated on his selection of such a delicate, altogether charming, caption for his new stage offering as "The Hairy Ape."

THE rumor that William H. Crane will soon appear in a new play, whether the rumor is sound or not, brings to mind one of the best characters in his gallery, David Harum. And, by the way, it may be forgotten that the real David—whose name was David Hannum—was a man of actual existence. He lived in the village of Homer, on the outskirts of Cortland, New York, and was just the quick-witted shrewd, genial person that Weston first, in the novel and afterward Crane, in the play, made David Harum. One of Hannum's favorite diversions was to buy tickets for all the boys in town whenever a new show came to Cortland. Homer was not big enough to own a theatre. Of course Hannum was popular, and when Mr. Crane perpetuated his popularity with his Harum, it had one singular, but natural, consequence. Whenever "David

Harum" was played in Syracuse or Ithaca—which are the nearest important centres to Cortland—all Homer went to see it. I never heard that Crane did "David Harum" in Cortland, but I do know—on credible testimony—that he spent enough time in Homer to make a first-hand and exhaustive study of the lovable David. Homer is not far from Groton, where the typewriters come from.

IN these days of the occasional resurrection of the Elizabethan theatre one cannot wonder that some managers have revived the custom of giving patrons seats on the stage during the performance, just as they did in Shakespeare's time. Of course it was for purely a commercial reason, and not merely to give a "close-up" of the actors, that the innovation was made at a musical and terpsichorean entertainment lately. The auditorium was full, so what was the management to do? It *couldn't* turn away money, you know. That would be bad art.

IT is always rather dangerous, from the actor's point of view, to invite a member of the audience to take a momentary part in the entertainment, for the simple reason that the average person, suddenly finding himself addressed from the other side of the footlights, doesn't know when to stop. He generally talks too much. But when Balieff, of the "Chauve-Souris," asked a well-known comedian to interpret his stumbling *patois* into English, he knew he was safe. The comedian made one "funny crack" and subsided. As an experienced man of the theatre, he knew that an audience likes to see the performance on the stage, not down in the orchestra seats.

A MILD ripple of joy runs along Broadway. It is caused by indications that managers generally are disposed to fill out the evening, when their principal offering runs a little short, by using a *lever de rideau*. This should mean more employment for actors. Hence the joy-ripple one senses on the Rialto. Not only are curtain-raisers likely to come into favor in the "legitimate" theatres, but in vaudeville as well. They are called "sketches" there, but it is the same thing—playlets with a plot—and with regular dramatic actors in the cast. The dramatic sketch has gradually been vanishing from vaudeville, but a strong revival of that sort of "turn" seems imminent.

WHAT'S the American stage coming to?" sighed the old "legit" over his coffee and rolls in a dairy lunch restaurant just off Broadway. "Time was when the dignity of our profession was upheld to the exclusion of mere 'performances' in what we used to call the 'variety' houses. But now the most distinguished members of our calling, Ethel Barrymore among them, are willing to appear in vaudeville, and are doing it—when they can name their salary and the vehicle they are to use. Imagine playing a really sound dramatic work twice a day, *every* day. Do you mean to tell me that it can be done twelve times a week in a way that is worthy of an artist? It doesn't seem possible. Well, I've never been in vaudeville, and, the Lord helping me, I never will." The old "legit" paid for his frugal meal and walked out, with his hand in the breast of his coat and his head high. There are not many of this old actor's extreme views to be met on Broadway, but there are some, and this sketch is not exaggerated in the least.

SAN FRANCISCO is excited because it has an electric sign twenty-four feet high and a hundred feet long on one of its theatres. The Broadwayite who stands at Forty-third street and looks at the many-colored electric blaze to the north cannot but wonder what San Franciscans find to marvel at in their trumpery 24 x 100 display.

BROADWAY opinion in general seems to favor George Arliss' plan of establishing stock companies in outlying cities and other places that have been "good show towns," to which famous stars would go to play the principal rôles in new and standard plays. There are always hundreds of good actors idle in New York and the prospect of a steady position for a long season, even though far from the Rialto, appeals to them. Judging from the series of articles recently published in the THEATRE MAGAZINE on the surprising development of the local stock company system—a rapid growth favored by the short-sighted policy of Broadway producers in attempting to foist inferior companies on out-of-town communities—there are already as many good stock companies in various parts of the country as would suffice for a fair test of the Arliss project. This subject is one of the liveliest on Broadway, and it is the general belief that the agitation will soon result in definite action.

(Right)

HELEN NEWCOMB

A graceful little dancer whose art gives added zest and charm to "The Music Box Revue"

Goldberg



(Below)

IZETTA WILSON

This young Southern girl recently made her debut in "Le Bouquet de la Danse," one of the features at the Greenwich Village Theatre



Ira L. Hill



Rayhuff

ANNA LUDMILLA

The American Pavlova, they call this exquisite dancer, lately seen in "Tangerine"



Murray

RÉNÉE ROBERT

This striking young dancer, who began her career in the ballet, is now starring in an act at Keith's Vaudeville with the alluring title of "Twinkle Toes and her Mates"

DANCERS IN REPOSE AND ACTION

Bringing Up Georgie Cohan

Early Pranks and Characteristics of America's Famous Yankee Doodle Comedian

By HIS MOTHER
(Mrs. Helen Costigan Cohan)

OF course I think the babe born to me on Independence Day, 1878, is a fine boy. He seems to me the best son in the world. That is a delusion which most mothers share.

Conceive, if you can, a little boy whom it was no trouble whatever to keep clean. The average boy has the same attraction for dirt that molasses has for flies. But my Georgie liked to be clean. Picture a boy who didn't have to be scolded or spanked into taking a bath. My small son didn't care how many baths he had. He welcomed two a day, or whenever we strolling players had the facilities for them. Nor were they taken in the guise of a swim. The thrill of adventure that lurks in a swimming hole made little appeal to him. He was never keen for it. My son has never run away to "go swimmin'" in all his now accumulated forty-three years of life.

He was odd in another respect. I never had to bandage his bruised head or bleeding face because he had been fighting. He didn't fight. Not because he was not a sturdy fellow with plenty of "spunk." It was because he didn't care to play with other children. He avoided a quarrel when he could. He was what we call an "old child." He always preferred to go about with older persons.

IF I missed him for a few minutes at a railway station or in the theatre I never looked for him among the children. I sought him among the oldest persons to be seen and there, sure enough, he was. He always liked apples. He liked them so well that he might be said to have been brought up on them. His pockets bulged with them. And we were kept busy replenishing the supply. For he would go through the car of a railway train or a street car, or along the station platform, presenting every silver-haired person he saw with the fruit. He was not guided always by the silver hair. He had a keen eye for wrinkles, too, and many a woman with crimson face, or a blonde wig received an apple from Georgie because he had detected the betraying furrows on her face. Being a child of the theatre he was never fooled by "makeup."

The person who stooped or who walked feebly always received an extra apple. I have seen him with eyes tear-filled offering his little hands filled with apples to a blind old beggar on the streets. He had a prim little habit of dividing the money we gave him into two parts. One-half he would put in a pocket on one side of his coat. The rest he placed in the pocket on the other side. I often asked him why he did this and he answered that he "liked to feel that his pockets were full of money." He would start up street for a walk with his father, his sister and me,

wearing a little suit, corduroy in winter, linen in summer, but always with big buttons, and a little cap of velvet in winter and linen in summer, that had a habit of slipping far to one side, as his hats do today. He walked along thoughtfully but



George M. Cohan as the first violinist of an orchestra, at seven years of age

observant, seeing everything but saying little.

"What are you looking for Georgie?" we would ask him.

"Poor old people," he answered. If he saw any he divided all his money among them. If, returning from his walk, he met any children he always emptied his pockets for them.

He still remembers the house in which we used to board on Prince Street. It is far down in the city now since New York has grown away from it. But it is still standing. When the men who boarded in the house would talk to him or bring him toys he took their names. From that time he did not answer to the name Georgie, but was Phil or Tom or Jimmy or John, according to the christening title of his benefactor. He kept that name, until some other man who came along, who by gifts or conversation, captured his fancy. Then he shared his name.

I NEVER had any trouble in teaching him to say his prayers nor in remembering to repeat them. His first prayer was *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep*, as I suppose it is with all English speaking children, and it was followed by *The Lord's Prayer*. He once startled his father by asking: "Does God lay down on his stomach in the sky to look over at everything that goes on down here?"

Safeguarded though he was by religious

training, and our care and vigilance, he once awoke his sister lisping—he lisped until he was ten—"Thithter, I got a new thong." "What is it?" she asked. He replied, "*Dam' Dam' D-a-m' Dam'*." "Good gracious, Georgie, where did you learn that?" she asked. "A man thaid that to me on the thtethp," was his answer.

Our little urchin was not a "mixer." That may have been because, there being four in the family, we were sufficient to each other. When he did play with other children he enjoyed a match of wits with them or exploiting them. There came to me in one of the boarding houses shocked recitals of what Georgie had done while we were down town.

HE discovered a little boy in the hall. The little boy held a bag filled with candy. George waited for an invitation to have some candy. None came. He proceeded to amuse the child by sliding down the balusters. The child sat down on the floor and laughed. He dropped the bag of candy. Georgie slipped up and took a piece of candy. He went back to the balusters, peeped through them and made a face. The child shrieked with laughter. Again Georgie sneaked up and took a piece of candy. He kept on entertaining the child until it was almost in hysterics. With each spasm of laughter my naughty little son got more of the candy. When the entertainment was over, the child had been heartily amused, but the bag of candy was empty. My son's tummy was filled with the contents of the bag. Over against this naughtiness let me set the fact that at seven years of age he gave away his best suit to a little boy whose mother did our washing.

A naughty and clever little trick of his fooled me for a long time. He always liked to watch the crowds in the streets, being in them but not of them. He would go from my room and leave his hat behind him. When fellow boarders would say "I saw Georgie watching the crowds last night," I would say, "You must be mistaken. His hat was in my room all night." "No," they would answer. "I spoke to him." "But I watched him and saw him take off his hat," I would say. One observant woman answered: "I've seen him several times. He always wore a cap."

He was like all other boys in not liking to go to church. He didn't grumble about it, but he was not keen for it. Yet his father and I were encouraged for he would come home and play church. He built altars and held services, his sister Josephine and ourselves being the congregation. At that time his father and I thought he would become a priest.

He was very devoted to his sister, Josephine, who was two years older than him-

MARY YOUNG

This always delightful actress, last seen here in "We Girls," and "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," was heard recently by the largest audience any actress has ever reached, when she gave a reading from the THEATRE MAGAZINE through the radio at Station W J Z of the Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co.



REGINA WALLACE

This clever, emotional comedienne, now lending her auburn beauty to "Your Woman and Mine," played leading rôles in "Friendly Enemies," "Nobody's Money," and "Pagans"



De Meyer

GRACE MOORE

Southern beauty with a lovely voice, now playing the prima donna rôle in "Up in the Clouds." Following her début in Washington in concert work, she came to New York in a small rôle in "Hitchy-Koo" followed by a part in "Just a Minute"



Campbell

Edward Thayer Monroe

GIFTED ACTRESSES IN VARIED ROLES

self. That love for and companionship with her prevented the girl-hating stage through which so many boys pass. He preferred playing with her to any boy he knew. He was always well dressed and she watched him to keep him an example of neatness, which the other boys resented, calling him "the little dude." Once Josephine wandered out of the house and strayed away from the neighborhood. She was lost for several hours. He was as worried as I was. As the clock ticked away the time the little fellow became nearly frantic. He wandered about the streets crying "Thithter! Thithter! Come back and I'll alwayth be good to you. I'll never take your candy from you no more. I'll never hide your dollth. I'll be tho good." A policeman came in bringing her from the station to which someone had brought the lost little girl. On seeing her Georgie's mood changed. With tears rolling down his stained face he sprang at her and beat her chest with his tiny fists. "Bad, wicked girl!" he said, "to run away and make poor Mamma cry."

HE played Peck's Bad Boy and truth compels me to say he was often Peck's bad boy off as well as on the stage. Almost his first writing was in the form of parodies scoring the theatrical boarding houses that were an institution at that time. If a boarding house served ice cream for dinner it escaped his parodies. If not it was a "slab," a phrase that was current at that time.

Lew Dockstadter, the popular minstrel, was on the bill with us. Mr. Dockstadter didn't care much for children. Or he was not just then in a mood to manifest such a liking. He didn't encourage George to pay visits to his dressing room. One day a noise of loud, angry words came from his dressing room which was next to ours. The minstrel couldn't get his make-up off. For some reason the black stuck to his face like glue. At mention of the word glue there was a thin little snigger. Following it to its source I found my boy. He had mixed glue with the lamp black.

Mr. Cohan looked sadly at me.

"You and Josephine go on home," he said. "Georgie will wait with me."

He looked at his razor strap. They came home an hour later. Georgie wore a flush and a subdued air.

Every actor is anxious for an effective finish for his act on the stage. Interference with that final moment is a crime or at least a misdemeanor and not to be borne. The end of one of our acts was a gay little dance by Georgie with his sister. A foreign act followed us on the bill. It was a group of acrobats. The acrobats stood in the wings and peeped out awaiting their turn. Once, twice, three times they did this. The audience, seeing a group of heads showing from the wings, looked away from the children and missed the last steps of their dance. The children had been used to a large volume of applause for the dance. This time there was little, almost none. We discussed it in the family circle.

"They won't be there tonight," said Georgie.

They were not. The acrobats to the last moment before going on the stage were frantically seeking their shoestrings. That afternoon our small son had slyly removed them. They had to perform with unlaced shoes.

You may be surprised and perhaps a little shocked, you dear mothers in the home, when I tell you that I think the modern talk about diet and health rules and nurseries may be a little overdone. My son Georgie was as healthy as a young colt, although when he was five weeks old he began travelling about with us. He and his sister, Josephine, eighteen



George M. Cohan as drum major of his father's barnstorming companies, in his ninth year

months older, and who joined us in our travels when she was four weeks of age, used to go to the theatre with us. We wrapped them in a shawl and they slept in a big chair. Or we tucked them into a big trunk. To them the theatre was a delightful crèche. They never had any childish diseases while they were about the theatre. But when we put them in school at Orange, N. J., my daughter developed nervousness. The doctor said she could not bear the excitement of school life and told us to take her back on the road. There were never any accidents. Except that Georgie did once climb out of the trunk and toddle on the stage after us, nearly spoiling our act. It was his first appearance on the stage. Though not on the bill he made a hit. The audience applauded his advent. He looked out and smiled at the noise it made.

When his sister was ordered by the physician to leave school we couldn't leave Georgie behind. So we took him too. He had been at the Orange school only two weeks. When he was six he had started a quarter in the public schools in Providence and finished it in Boston. That was all the education he ever received in schools. His father taught him. He never went to school after he was eight. Indeed his father had taught him to read before Georgie went to school.

I never punished him. His father attended to that. That is, I never corporally punished him. But I grieved him greatly when he was naughty, by looking very sad. Or by saying: "I haven't any little boy any more."

I do not believe in too many rules in the home. They repress individuality. The child should be encouraged to lead its separate thought life, when the mother is sure the trend is not evil.

He was always very generous. One of his most unhappy moments occurred when he was seven. He had given one of his beloved apples, his last one, to Josephine. I pretended that I wanted it. He looked from one to the other. "Tain't a very big apple," he said, while his lip trembled.

I REMEMBER the very first song he ever wrote. It was Irish. He brought it to his father. Mr. Cohan read it and laughed. "Where did you copy that?" he asked. "I didn't copy it. I wrote it out of my head," my boy answered. We could hardly believe it although he never told us a lie. He would sometimes say, "Please don't ask me, mother, I would rather not say." I did not force his confidence. I never third degreed him. I believe that such a method only promotes deceit and hatred toward parents. But Josephine corroborated Georgie's story. She had been in the room when he composed it.

His first song to be published was *Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home?* The name of its heroine was a compliment to me. It is what my husband and friends called me.

The first song he sold was *Venus, My Shining Star*. The way I learned that he had sold the song was odd. He seemed to have so much money that his father and I had a secret, anxious conference about it. True, we had never known him to steal, but, as has been said often and truly, "There is a first time for everything." "You'd better ask him, Nellie," my husband said. I did and his reply made me for a moment dumb. "I've sold a song," he said. "And this is the money I got for it."

He brought me his hat nearly full of coins and bills. I gathered up the mass of coins and bills and counted them. There were \$250.

I have his precious little scrap book in which he made his first attempts at writing. The book never leaves my room. I won't even lend it to him. I give below one of those first attempts. They were written between his eighth and twelfth years. During that time he was playing in his father's sketches and com-

(Continued on page 316)



Canio in "Pagliacci" may cry "the comedy is finished," but the carpenters evidently do not think the same about his tiny theatre



Not relics from Noah's ark, but the property room of the great operatic store-house in Chicago

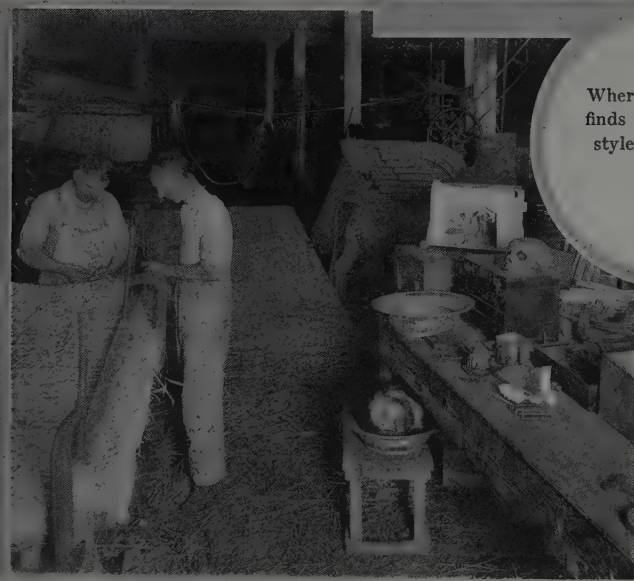


(Below)

The lion of "Thais," and Yorick's skull. Also the head of John the Baptist waiting for Salome's deadly dance

(Below)

Fashioning the tomb where the unhappy Juliet will take a well-earned rest



Where the actor finds wigs of every style and period



Photos courtesy of the Chicago Opera Association

H. A. Atwell

BEHIND THE SCENES OF OPERATIC MAKE BELIEVE

panies, dressed as a cowboy and riding a pony in Daniel Boone, or playing a child's violin in the orchestra, or leading the company up the small town streets in the uniform of a drum major. In short, barnstorming. Here is one of his earliest songs, all his own composition:

THE FIRST FLOOR FRONT

There's a French girl named McCarthy,
Her first is Mary Ann.
Her mother is her father's wife.

Her father he's a man.
Though Mary's very homely,
She has a pretty face.
And the flat that Mary occupies
Is a most exquisite place.
She has a grand piano,
It makes a fearful noise,
It's pounded every evening
By a gang of girls and boys.
Assembled there at Mary's
For fun they needn't hunt.
They find a whole lot of it
In the first floor front.

Chorus—

There's Kate and Nancy,
Billy, Clancy, Dan and Mike Magee.
There's Pat O'Day and Hughie Fay.
All loaded down with glee.
There's Jimmy Grogan, Johnny Logan,
Both so big and blimp,
At number three the Boulevard,
The First Floor Front.

I am a happy mother. There is none happier. For I have lived to see all my son's ambitions fulfilled. I have seen all his dreams come true.

Something New Under the Sun

An Organ That Plays Melodies With Color Instead of Notes

BLUES, my dear, *such* blues, and greens and reds and bewildering combinations of them in all their multiplicity of varying shades,—revolving about lazily, taking forms suggestive at once of everything on earth and nothing on earth, pulsing and spinning, oozing and sailing, lowering and lifting—all before one's eyes, while one's heart throbs with the emotion of it and one's soul expands and becomes drenched with color, color, color! Bewildering do I say? Intoxicating, rather. Maddening, devastating, perhaps, if the reds turn ultra-brilliant and seem literally to scream out in the profound stillness of the soot-black theatre. Or if the tones weaken and pale off into some vague and tenuous gray, suggestive of the world's first unknowing dawn, hovering vaguely in nothingness, one's spirit turns crushed by the loneliness, the terror of it. I am attempting to describe what Thomas Wilfred, a musician-dreamer and something of an inventor, achieves with his mystical clavilux or color-organ, the newest, latest child of Mother Art. Audiences at the Neighborhood, Rialto and Rivoli Theatres in New York have recently been brought under its spell for the first time.

Bizarre? Yes, tremendously, in the sense that we are unaccustomed to moving color save in the softly shifting tones of a rare sunset, transmuted through as many shapes and shades as that color genius, Nature, cares to devise at the moment. And now comes a slight, modest-looking fellow, in a black velvet coat and a poetic tie, to take Color by the hand and lead it where and how he will. Dr. Steinmetz's enchainment of lightning is no more remarkable.

"Mobile color," Wilfred calls it. A rather hard, Anglo-Saxon way of describing a soft and exquisite thing. And, for that matter, its very creation is by means of a rather hard and Anglo-Saxon instrument. It is as sharp in its angles and as box-like as a giant phonograph, except that it spreads itself over six long feet and rises to but three thus reversing

the phonograph proportion. Its width is another three feet and at one of its ends sits the player before a keyboard that suggests more the nerve-centre of an ocean liner than the creation of fantastic moving forms and their impregnation with limitless color tone.

The interior mechanism is directed by that reliable friend of the theatre, electricity. Silently and secretly, revolving and moving somethings hidden within the angular box project the color symphony through an opening in one side of the

and beating oval, throbbing itself gradually away, resembling vaguely every second some new form or object familiar in life or in the moving mists of the dream country, until we are back at the colorless dawn again and find that same green pyramid come tearing at us through space. And perhaps this time purple wraiths are whirling above it,—purple wraiths dancing about, tipped with an ever changing tint of blue. And over his organ bends the artist, pulling away at levers for dear life, following the "notes" of the composition before him—and no doubt succumbing to the temptation of improvising occasionally, every now and then indulging in the projection of a single solid glow of one exquisite shade that fairly takes one's breath away.

And it is then, perhaps, that one comes to realize the desirability of a union of Mr. Wilfred's new art with that of the theatre. For all his being a musician, he has dramatized color rather than lyricised it. Unquestionably, the mobile color composer must be possessed of that emotionally constructive sense that is so necessary to the dramatist. The Clavilux, in its highest forms of development, is just as capable of expressing sinister dreadfulness, of arousing terror, repulsion, uncertainty, passion of all kinds, as it is capable of giving us soothing, assuring, spiritual beauty.

Color is, of itself, dramatic. Linked to mysterious, dramatic, surging forms it becomes infinitely so, and its use in the theatre allied to the art of scenic dramatization should be immeasurable. It more surely points to an elimination of cardboard and paint—those relics of the stage that knew gas footlights and that still linger with us—than any other means of stage decoration and design suggested thus far. What men like Gordon Craig, Robert Edmond Jones and Hermann Rohr have been trying to do,—the expression of drama as much in terms of pure line and color as aided tremendously by an invention that places color and its constant, moving use at their utter command.



Underwood & Underwood

Thomas Wilfred seated at the mechanical keyboard of the Clavilux or color-organ—his invention for the performance of mobile color

organ,—project it on a screen, that from a dead, white 12 x 12 rag suddenly becomes the field of a myriad polychromatic poems.

Mr. Wilfred's unusual art appears to take, as a basis, the general form of musical composition. A major theme expresses itself at the outset. Out of a wavering, uncertain gray mist, there takes shape, let us say, the general form of a pyramid, vividly green, against a background of infinite, unending blackness. Slowly, ingratiatingly, at a tempo that finds a responsive chord in one's pulse, the pyramid dissolves into other, related and unrelated forms, that assume new and striking and ever shifting hues. It may swing into a vast

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE



A. V. Youngman as the adroitly saue Russian Governor, and H. McAneny as the stolid, revenge-resolved peasant, in "The Game of Chess," as presented by "Cap and Bells"

"Cap and Bells," Williams College,
Present a Program of One-Act Plays

At the close of a successful season, "Cap and Bells," the Williams College Dramatic Club, presented "Ryland," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, and Thomas Wood Stevens; "The Game of Chess," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, and "The Crimson Cocanut," by Ian Hay. The program proved well suited to the talent in the college, and throughout the thirteen performances, taking in an itinerary of seven New England cities, Glens Falls and Saratoga Springs, a houseparty production at Williamstown, and a performance at the Plaza Hotel, New York, the plays were enthusiastically received and the acting favorably criticized

Photos by White Studios



Russell P. Harding, cleverly made up as Mistress Angelica Kauffman, in "Ryland"



A tense moment in "Ryland" successfully produced by "Cap and Bells," with Warren C. Clark in the title role

A Children's Theatre

By SYBIL ELIZA JONES

Director of the Junior Players

Pasadena Community Playhouse

AN awakening to the importance of helpful recreation for children has aroused widespread interest in juvenile dramatics. Consequently, Play Directors of Children receive letters from all over the country inquiring about organization of Children's Theatres, plans of procedure, methods of directing and play production.

In founding a children's playhouse, two important points should be first considered, the aim and motive for so doing, and the demand and supply for such an institution in the community. Expectation of making little folks' play commercially profitable for adults or of training children for the stage sounds the knell of the undertaking. Children are not in the world to support grown-ups and they are not ready for professional training until they have experienced a well-rounded education and development. On the other hand, neither do they go to the playhouse to be educated, but to play. If that play is directed along the lines of the best in drama, music and art so that recreation becomes character building as well as good fun—then the children's theatre has a sound foundational idea. Add to this a sufficient demand for such an undertaking that there is a supply of children, workers and funds to organize, surely a definite institution may be launched. The general plans, arrangements and appointments should always be handled by a board of representative citizens who understand children and have no axes to grind. Under their management the movement is arranged under two headings, the Staff and the Participants. The Staff is for the (1) Production and (2) Business part of the Theatre. At the head of (1) is the Producer or Play Director—who assembles the children, gathers them into groups, conducts rehearsals, and directs the plays. Next comes an Art Director who sketches and designs the Sets, properties and costumes and teaches the young folks to do the same. She superintends the making of these and handles details of staging, costuming and lighting at rehearsals and performances. A Musical Director should be in the Production Department and develop a Children's Orchestra, Chorus and supervise all music in connection with the plays.

Another important member of the Staff is the (2) Business Manager who handles the publicity, printing, tickets and business details of the Theatre.

Now the Participants consist of the children and their parents. The former take active parts in the drama, music or art activities and serve on sub-committees, while the latter cooperate with the Staff in the following Committees:

The Play Director has a Program and Chaperone Committee; the Art Director

a Production, Costume, and Decoration; the Musical Director, helpers in that line; and the Business Manager, his Financial and Publicity group.



Two youthful actors in "Secrets of the Sun-dial," a garden play for children, by Mabel Bishop Gilmer, wife of Prof. Albert H. Gilmer of Tufts College

TO obtain a guarantee and help finance a Children's Theatre, it is wise to arrange a definite schedule of performances, and sell season tickets at just as low prices as possible. Also, interested parents are glad to take out an active membership of \$1.00, while some individuals, organizations, etc., will take out sustaining memberships of \$5.00 or more. The question of charging the children a membership fee has been the subject of much debate.

In brief, this is a bare outline of a Children's Theatre organization which may be altered or adapted to suit local conditions. Such cold facts present nothing of the spirit of the work which the rest of the article will strive to give. This may best be presented by covering the questions asked in many letters and by illustrations from practical experience of some years standing.

First, the members of the Staff who regularly give definite time, thought and labor to Children's Playhouse activities, as a profession should receive just recompense. We do not ask the merchant to donate food or clothing for our children's welfare. Neither should we expect the trained director who spends his life in helping develop better citizens, the most important of all welfare work, to do the same without any visible means of support. We desire to emphasize this matter, as it is a surprising fact that reputable amateur and community organizations throughout the country amply pay an adult staff, then

strive in everyway to obtain Directors of Juveniles for little or nothing because Children's Dramatics are not commercially profitable. Experience in directing both adults and juveniles has proven the latter take far more time, thought, patience and skill—though the spontaneous joy and love of the young folks rests instead of wearies one.

THE spirit of the production depends much upon whether a director plays with the children or only trains and stage directs them. Much grief has been caused by trying to use school-room methods or adopt those of the professional adult stage. Children live in a make-believe kingdom of their own, and, unless you approach it in love, and knock with understanding, they never open the gate. You may be a very nice person and know much about directing but you will always be an outsider. Some little folks in discussing an Art Director who has done exceptionally fine work in the staging and costuming of juvenile drama, chuckled with great glee as they remarked, "People think he is grown up but you know he really is a Fairy man and belongs to us." That is the quality of thought, which all children directors play, art and music, should possess.

With our Pasadena Junior Players we find that self government and responsibility are wonderful developers. Children make their own rules and regulations for rehearsals and productions, on the stage, behind scenes and in the dressing rooms. It is all a splendid game and is played fairly and well, from being on time and prepared for the parts, to keeping a dressing room in order. No child has a more important role than another, for long speeches are just a little part of the complete play, and so is sweeping the stage. Children are led to express their own conceptions of characters and to better their performances by constructively criticizing the same. In this way, the young folks practically cast their own plays. Emphasis is laid upon the thought of the drama and character building so that right action follows as a natural consequence.

In regard to the selection of plays there are two infallible rules:—Find out the type of books generally chosen voluntarily by the children from the public library, then assemble plays, stories, etc., of this nature; read and discuss them with the children, and, finally let the youngsters choose. They always do so correctly. The literary and imaginative value, the historical and geographical significance, and the art possibilities in staging, costuming, and music, all enter into the consideration of programs. We have presented plays

(Continued on page 344)



Youthful Performers In
Children's Plays, Beautifully
And Fancifully Staged

Above:

The Junior Players of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, in "Tom Piper and The Pig," a children's play by Alice Riley, which was given a set reminiscent of the pictures to be found in the tales of Mother Goose



Above:

"The Tailor Prince," an alluring children's play by Anne Walker, presented by the Junior Players of Pasadena Community Playhouse

Below:

What could be more appealing to the childish mind, or to the grown-up mind, for that matter, than the colorful patchwork drop used in this scene from "The Tailor Prince"



The Cathedral Choir School
Players

(Oval Center)

An unusually youthful but none the less able band of amateur players may be found in the shadow of the naves of the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. Considerable talent has been disclosed among the youngsters of the Cathedral Choir School, whose long experience in appearing before the public as choir boys has given them stage presence and delivery rarely found in boy actors. Under the direction of Mr. Elmendorf L. Carr, they presented the one-act thrillers, "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler" and "The Gray Overcoat." The scene (Oval center) from their most recent play, "Peter Pan," is the fight between Captain Hook (Mr. Carr) and Peter, acted by Burgess Meredith



Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Incorporated

A LITTLE outdoor play for children that can be made as fragrant as spring blossoms is "The Dearest Wish," by Pauline Eaton Oak, dramatic organizer with Community Service Incorporated.

During April and May plans for garden plays quicken hearts and minds, and this midsummer night's fantasy has possibilities for some perfectly charming interpretations.

It was recently presented by the people of Key West, Florida, in the annual Story Festival of the island city. Quite simple in construction, it can be readily produced by children everywhere. Any open garden corner, church lawn, park space or public square—providing there's a greensward—may be used for the stage. While one may not have the tropical riches of Key West for background, it is always possible to improvise arches and screens woven with vines and flowering branches, and to plant trees round about. There must be music—good music too—and classical interpretive dancing, for Miss Oak wrote the play to be accompanied by dance, music and pantomime. Each locality may adapt the play for its own uses, create, design, plan and improvise for itself, following the story—as one may see—with more or less freedom.

Here is the story: It is quiet evening and the greensward is tremulous with moonlight and fairy music. The fairies come, dancing, floating to the airy strains of flute and violin, and drop to rest a space on the green. A group of elves bring in a mortal child, who, having lost his way in the woods, has fallen asleep. Thus the play is built entirely around a child's dream.

The drowsy little visitor wakes to see the entrance of the Fairy Queen with all her court, pages, lords and ladies in waiting and the court jester, Puck. The Fairy Queen discovers the earth child. Desiring that his chance visit into Fairyland shall be forever remembered by him, the Queen—perhaps it is Titania—grants him three wishes, "the wishes dearest to his heart."

The child's first dearest wish is for "Candy!"

Whereupon the Fairy Queen summons the King of Sweets and he calls his minion Sweetmeats. Such lively impersonations of bon-bons, chocolates, sugar plums, stick candy, caramels—everything a child dreams at Christmas, laughing, tumbling, frolicking, springing, all come true! Scherzo!

The child's second dearest wish—and here is *andante!*—is for stories. Again the Fairy Queen instructs the elves, who by trumpet call, summon the gypsy Story Teller.

Right here is the body of the play. The gypsy claps her hands and a band of gnomes haul in a colossal book and set it up—opened—with props. Lo! its two pages are hollow, and steps are placed by the gnomes leading to each page! At a gesture

from the Story Teller, the groups of story characters troop out of the book, all in costume, each with a bit of pantomime that reveals his character, the tale he tells, the song he sings.

Mother Goose and her retinue of children and sometimes Kate Greenaway are usually first.

The characters used in this scene are to be determined entirely by such stories as are familiar to the children and the rest of the audience. The people of the Fairy Tales, Rip Van Winkle, Alice in Wonderland, certain of the "Just So Stories"—for instance, The Elephant's Child, Old Man Kangaroo and Yellow Dog Dingo; some of the "Here and Now Stories" such as The Wonderful Cow That Never Was—all these dance to music out of the pages of the Magic Book. And there is joy on the face of the Earth!

The third and last dearest wish of the child is to play. Puck leads the games—singing games they are with the *fairies* taking part, the candy characters, and the Book characters!

Fun! Fun! Fun! Then suddenly a clock strikes, a cock crows, the candy people run away, the gypsy sends all the story characters back into the book, actually through it—the gnomes close it and carry it away, and the child, tired out with play, falls asleep in his dream.

The Fairy Queen waves her wand over him: "Farewell my child!" she says, "Tomorrow when you wake we shall be merely shadows of a dream. And though you sigh for sweetmeats, ne'er again shall surfeit such as this be offered you. Nor when you long to play shall such a host join with you in your happy games. One only pleasure can you keep with you as sweet on earth as in these fairy groves—The Story Book lies ever at your hand and Mother can its tales unfold to you."

The fairies leave. Morning comes. Sunbeams dance in and kiss the child awake. "Mother! Mother!" he calls. And Mother comes—a Story Book in her hands. With her arms around the child—and the Book between them—they disappear together: "Once upon a time, O Best Beloved!" And this is the end of the play.

* * *

THE work of the Dramatic Committee of the Key West, Florida, Community Service Board is taking quite definite shape this spring. Members of the Woman's Club of Key West are actively interested in play production and the entire community of the Island City cooperated in the story-telling festival held in March.

Pauline Eaton Oak, Dramatic Organizer for Community Service (Incorporated), who has been developing interest in community drama and the organization of dramatic clubs in various localities in Florida this past year, returned to Key West

early in January for two weeks work, with headquarters at the Chamber of Commerce. Under her direction, the Community Players of Key West were organized and monthly open meetings with a program decided upon. For the first production a bill of the following three one-act plays was chosen: "The Dear Little Wife," "The Noble Lord," and "The Wonder Hat." Miss Oak gave a short, intensive course in play production, training the leaders and directors for these three plays and members of the cast. Talks on character dressing and theatrical make-up were given at the Episcopal Parish House. Activities of the Key West Dramatic Committee were outlined as follows: (1) To establish Community Players and put on plays and musical comedies or light operas with the cooperation of the musical committee. (2) To increase the membership by open meetings. (3) To find latent talent by means of questionnaires. (4) To encourage other organizations in play production.

A Story Hour is being held temporarily each week at the Parish House of the Episcopal Church and in the Garden of the Baptist Church with two volunteers in charge. A Playground on the beach is being cleared of debris for the future use of the Story Telling Committee. Games and stories are given and the attendance of the children is increasing from week to week.

* * *

THE Palatka Community Players of Palatka, presented their second program in early spring. This promising organization of amateur players meets every two weeks. They usually present a short play, charades, a play reading, or have a program of music. The expression teacher in the Palatka High School, Miss Susie Walton, has assisted Miss Oak in institute work. Questionnaires have been distributed and the preferred line of work of each member of the Players is recorded. Their work is in collaboration with the Music Committee.

* * *

IN Southport, North Carolina, a Dramatic Club has been organized by May Pashley Harris, Dramatic Organizer for Community Service (Incorporated). A monthly fee of ten cents per member is charged. A year's program has been outlined, including dramatic work to be done by groups from the schools, clubs and churches.

A general Dramatic Institute was conducted in Southport during January by Mrs. Harris. Its purposes were "to stimulate an interest in the constructive dramatic work throughout the country; to tie up this interest with some of the other dramatic developments throughout the State of North Carolina, and to work together on some of the fundamentals of play production."



Francis Bruguière

F A S H I O N

*As Created and Sponsored
by the
Actress and the Stage*

DORIS KEANE has the most glorious costume sense! And what she contributed to the atmosphere of "Romance" in the delicious gowning of La Cavallini, she has done as superlatively for "The Czarina." Quite regardless of the fact that the costumes are "period" costumes, anyone with the slightest interest in Fashion and its immense significance—and that ought to include everybody—should see Miss Keane's latest play. We have reproduced the negligee (negligee by courtesy), which she dons for the beguilement of her admirers, a marvel of shining gold lace and chiffon, the panel down the front being in the alternate colors of pale turquoise and coral pink. And think of the subtle and intriguing touch of adding a pair of scarlet kid slippers, such as Miss Keane flashes at you from time to time, to this color scheme!

"THE NEST" FURNISHES

FROCKS OF FRENCH

ATMOSPHERE

Ira L. Hill



If you want a receipt for a modern frock start by paying small attention to the body part of it, but concentrate instead, on the sleeve. Christine Norman affords a beautiful example of this in "The Nest," her gown of simple white crepe having elaborate sleeves embroidered in little flat, white beads, strangely reminiscent of seeds, and heavy gold thread.



For summer you may take a black lace hat with a soft ruffle of the lace drooping over the brim, and then tack the ends of a lace veil at either side, to be worn underneath the chin or drawn purdah fashion just below the eyes. Miss Norman is wearing such a model with a frock of orchid chiffon.



Quite the loveliest wedding gown we have seen so far is Juliette Crosby's in this play! There is a white satin bodice and underdress, and over this bouffant, airy skirts of tulle and silk-embroidered lace, whose pattern shimmers and glows in the most fascinating manner. A medieval plastron of pearls is placed at a low waist line.

Miss Crosby's "going-away" suit, with its short jacket would make a delightful model for any lady to copy. The material is henna broadcloth and the sleeves and skirt are piped with pale yellow and black. To be worn with the suit is a blouse of canary crepe embroidered in orange and henna motifs.



White Studios



A frock of many possibilities, that is, one admirable for a variety of occasions! It belongs to Miss Martha Mansfield, and is of henna khaki-kool with vestee and sleeves of indestructible voile cross-stitched in russet tones.

FAIR IS THE
MAID THAT GOES
CLAD IN SILK



Miss Margalo Gillmore, the young heroine of "He Who Gets Slapped," is wearing these spring days a charming two-piece costume from "The House of Youth," a frock of blue Russian Mirror crepe, combined with white crepe faintly plaided in blue, and a loose jacket-cape with wide sleeves.



Khaki-kool for my summer wardrobe, declares Miss Mansfield, both suits and frocks! This is in tan with the amusing note of having both coat-lining and blouse of the same material, one of those fascinating pussy-willows in Bokhara colors.

Old Masters

Through the Windshield

The Motor of Today As the Woman Views It

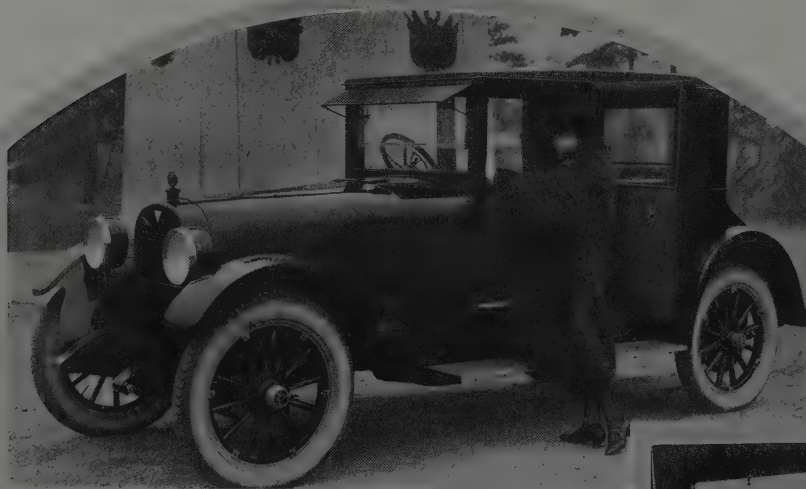
THE other evening as I stood in the entrance of the Empire Theatre, awaiting my motor, having enjoyed Doris Keane's "Czarina" to the fullest, I was struck by the variety, yet practicability of the numerous motors as they pulled up to the curb to carry

As in retrospect, I compared the motors of yesterday with those of today, so too did the women occupants of those motors of another day compare themselves with the fashionable turned out women, hundreds of whom were scurrying uptown even as I was, each

turned out as a perfect example of the couturier's art.

A QUESTION which, perhaps, will some day arise just as it did on the precedent of the "chicken or the egg," will be, "Has the woman been responsible for the better appearance of the motor or has the motor been responsible for the better appearance of the woman?" Frankly, I am of the opinion that were it not for the woman, the motor would still be the mechanical device of primitive appearance and limited utility that it was a decade ago. I will concede that man, with his marvelous mechanical ingenuity would

Miss Gail Kane seems to be thoroughly enjoying the prospects of a morning spin in her new Hudson coach. This is a perfect example of a car which appeals particularly to women, combining as it does extreme utility, beauty and excellent good taste throughout.



off their precious freight, all wrapped in silks and furs. There was a clubby little town car, cozy as you please, with its haughty man on the box, with its every equipment, and every detail of the best breeding. Scarce had its tail light mingled with the Broadway traffic when along came the more roomy sedan, to be followed immediately by a ponderous limousine, and so with coupes, coaches and occasionally, mind you, I said occasionally, a touring car, with the curtain drawn—for it was a rather bitter night.

As I was comfortably seated in my motor on my way uptown, I realized that the procession of power which I had just witnessed was but after all, another of my lady's luxuries, another jewel laid at the feet of woman. I thought back to the days when the motor was a mechanical thing that suggested grease, oils and pungent smells. I remembered women in strange motor headdresses, all buckled and swathed in dusters or oilskins, and sometimes leather, as if they were bound on a perilous journey across the Sahara.

It would seem as if the motor has become an integral part, not only of our daily life but of our daily amusements. It has injected itself into our every activity, from the shopping trip in the morning to our return from the theatre at night. It is no longer a means of conveyance or a matter of convenience. It is a necessity, as necessary as our apartment lifts or steamheat, or as the electrical contrivances, so many of which lighten the burden of living.

Comfortable Interior of a Handley-Knight Sedan. Note the silver finished window fittings, Perfection heater, whip cord upholstery, and neat vanity case.



have developed a machine quite as efficient in mileage and speed as we have today, but I doubt if it would have the beauty and the elegance of the present day motor.

The other day I saw a ponderous contraption now disguised as a taxi cab go lumbering along the Avenue. It was of the early limousine period and in its day must have been considered palatial. Following in its wake was a smart, well-groomed Hudson coach, a new



Smart and well groomed is this Marmon town car, which can transport its master or mistress, most luxuriously to their favorite theatre or opera.

development in closed cars, by the way, trim, quiet and thoroughbred. A more perfect illustration of the development of the motor car could hardly be imagined. In every line, every detail of the more modern machine could be detected, "I am the woman's whim or the woman's wisdom."

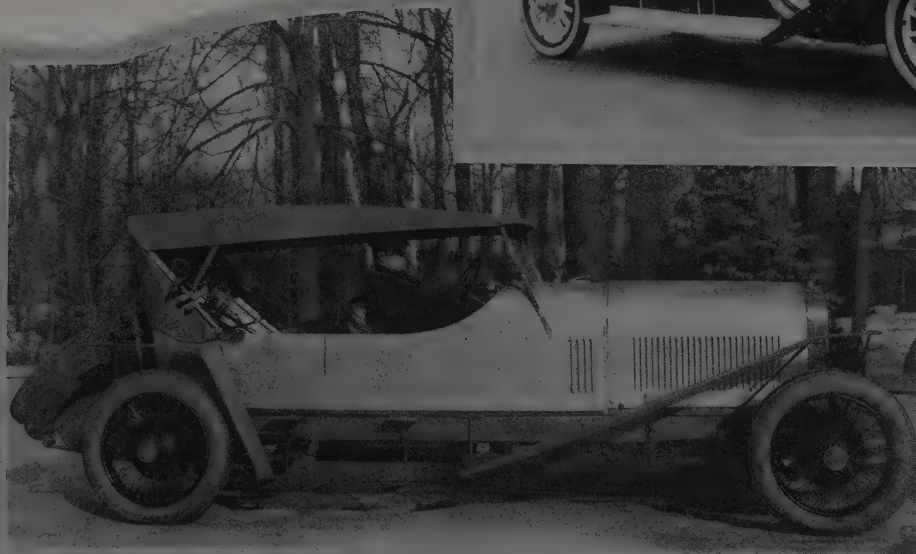
I fully believe the day will come when the theatrical hall of fame will contain a statue or tablet or something of that sort to the man who made all these audiences possible for the play, quite as it has to the man who made plays possible for audience. I doubt if Shakespeare, the creator of dramatic masterpieces, is more of an influence in the success of the theatre today than is the man who creates motor masterpieces which transport audiences with ease, comfort and convenience to the temple of the drama.

There is for instance, the Hudson coach. This model is but another instance of the closed type of car, built and designed primarily and particularly to meet the requirements of the woman who is either driven or who drives herself. This latest evidence of what can be done in motor craft is decidedly a distinct triumph for its creators, namely the women who inspired it, and the builders who had the busi-

ness and the Marmon all of which are excellent types of the sedan or closed car.

SPEAKING of woman as an influence in the development and design of automotive vehicles, I was rather startled recently to see within the realm of motorcycles a machine entirely developed from the point of view of the woman to accommodate the woman rider.

Renault Cabriolet. One of Milady's cars, which graces both Fifth Avenue and the Paris Boulevards.



Isotta Sport Model. It is interesting to know that the Isotta Company is just putting out an attractive closed town car.

It was called, I believe, the NER-A-CAR and was built on the lines of a miniature automobile, although it was a tubular affair. The driving seat was so arranged that one could sit in it attired in one's usual habiliments, that is to say, there was no center bar to necessitate riding astride. One can sit comfortably as in a roadster and operate the mechanism with all the ease and security that one might in a small car.

The very sight of this La Fayette Sedan sets one's thoughts a-speeding over smooth country roads in the fragrant hush of a mid-summer afternoon.



So the wind blows it would seem. The woman has definitely made herself felt as a dominating factor in the motor world. "The old order changeth yielding place to new," and we are always at the springtide of a new era of change and precedent. Whimsical we may be or wise, in regard to our fashion, be it in motor cars or dress, but at heart we have always the interests of our old love, our amusements, without which life would seem empty indeed.

AS a mere woman and as one who knows not the meaning of such terrible words as deferentials, transmission, "bore and stroke" and other cabalistic words that I hear the men folk discuss with such sang-froid, I must perforce mention in detail a few of the cars I have noted that are so popular today as theatre cars.

ness foresight to vision exactly the sort of car which would meet with Milady's fastidious approval.

There are other cars on the market today which show the woman's influence, some of which are pictured in this article, such as the Renault, the Handley-Knight, the La Fayette,



Wilda Bennett's New York
House—A Significant Ex-
ample Of Good Taste And
Elegance Of Appointment

Interiors by
Hampton Shops

The fire place grouping in Miss Bennett's
personal music room or boudoir suggests
XVIII Century France



(Below)

A fine old Spanish cabinet, carved
and gilded lends atmosphere to the
living room. The bronzed gates
give entrance to the dining room



(Above)

A pastoral painting, over
the day bed, is the center
of interest, and the color
motif in Miss Bennett's
bedroom, its reds, greens,
yellows and blues, is re-
peated in the lampshades
and brocades on the chairs

The house, dignified and charming in its simple Italian architecture, is situated on the high North Shore of Long Island, where prevail the quiet and repose necessary for creative effort. Here Mr. Buck writes the lyrics that contribute to the joy of some of our most successful musical comedies.

Photos John Wallace Gillies



Quite fittingly, *Music and the Dance* are charmingly typified in a panel, which is a feature of the entrance doorway



The sun porch is as much a part of the lawn and the garden, as of the house itself.

The Home of Gene Buck

at Great Neck, Long Island

The Promenades of Angelina

She Takes Tubby to An "Undress" Rehearsal of Marjorie Rambeau's New Play "Jennie Jones" and Lunches Afterwards at the Ritz

Drawings by Artel

TUBBY is becoming extremely interested in the technicalities of the drama. I suspect him of having in mind the backing of a play . . . perhaps he even contemplates writing one. At any rate he took the idea in his head that he wanted above everything to attend a



Miss Rambeau as "Jennie Jones" takes a lesson in etiquette from Fritz Williams, alias Count Stanislas Nevsky. "While I am paying the waiter," instructs the Count, "take out your powder puff and clarify your face." Would the rest of us might take etiquette lessons from the ever gallant and elegant Mr. Williams!

rehearsal . . . "not a dress rehearsal . . . he's seen plenty of those, but some preliminary rehearsal or other where they start the thing."

I inquired around a bit and discovered most interestingly that Marjorie Rambeau was rehearsing a new play for immediate production, with Stuart Walker directing. That promised of the best . . . so I pulled the proper wires and obtained permission for Tubby and myself, with our fingers crossed, to get through the stage door at the Astor Theatre on a certain morning.

Miss Rambeau met us, introduced us to Mr. Walker and then we went down into the darkened auditorium and tucked ourselves away in the front row to watch and listen. The play in rehearsal, was the French "School for Cocottes," in which Mlle. Spinnelly recently starred in Paris, and has been "adapted" (as we now say) by Gladys Unger, who, an attractive dark young person, sat huddled up in furs on the side lines, holding the manuscript, and interpolating a smiling suggestion from time to time. Mr. Walker wandered around here and there and with chin in hand pondered the scene and the actors from every angle. Mr. Robb, of the Shubert offices, sat near Miss Unger and held another manuscript. Miss Rambeau held the stage . . . along with Wilfred Lytell—brother of the famous Bert—who was playing the first husband.

There were to be three before the play ended . . . one to an act.

Miss Rambeau was perfectly delicious to watch . . . prettier than ever, her tallness and slenderness (I'll tell you about that slenderness in a minute) clad in the smartest of spring suits . . . a skirt of small tan and black squares and a little black jacket with a full swinging cape falling to hip length in back. The skirt of the suit was fairly short (that will interest you, I know) and it gave one a chance to see Miss Rambeau's lovely legs and ankles in their sheer black silk stockings and flat-heeled patent leather pumps with broad straps across the ankle. Tubby and I raved over Miss Rambeau's feet . . . it was a perfect joy to watch the way she put them down and took them up and placed them when she stood or sat . . . they fell into graceful position as naturally and easily as a dancer's.

"Who is it," asked Tubby, "who says there are those women who have pretty feet and again those who know how to use them?"

"I don't know," I returned, "unless it is yourself. And what about having the combination of both qualities like Miss Rambeau."

"C'est trop," said Tubby . . .

The rehearsal proceeded in lively fashion. Miss Rambeau, though they had been at the play only a short time, already so proficient in lines and business that she



Stuart Walker, the tenderest-hearted of super-efficient directors, lest he give even the slightest appearance of captiousness to anybody whatsoever, cuddles up with Miss Rambeau and Fritz Williams and murmurs his criticisms softly in their ears.

had vitality and attention left over for the interpolation of a quiet little dance step or two or a witty aside as she waited for her cue to be taken up, or for Mr. Walker to arrange a "cross" or an entrance.

"On her toes every minute," remarked Tubby.

It was most interesting to observe the way Stuart Walker directed. He rarely made a criticism out loud to the company at large. If he had a suggestion to offer, he took the actors aside . . . and not more than two at a time . . . and cuddled up with them and fairly whispered in their ears. I'm told that in the old days certain famous directors used to feel that they were neglecting their duty unless they shouted and screamed harshly at the company and insulted everybody all around. They would doubt-

less have been perfectly aghast at Mr. Walker's gentler methods, until faced down by his far finer results.

After the rehearsal we went up on the stage to say *au voir* to Miss Rambeau and found her lunching on a glass of milk. . . She gave us the astounding information, à propos of the slenderness mentioned

(Continued on page 330)



What is a costume just now without its ear-ring! It is the fad of the hour agree Angelina and Fanny, lunching at the Ritz, and proceed to amuse themselves by designing several kinds not yet seen

in the shops. Above are their creations, which we, for one, think most charming and unusual, and yet entirely practical. For a detailed description of them see page 330

THE TIRE COMPETITION OF TOMORROW

THERE has been more advance in the art of tire making in the past five years than in almost any other one thing.

That so many of these advances originated with the makers of U. S. Tires is perhaps aside from the point.

The concern of the car owner himself is how he is going to benefit.

* * *

If tire manufacturers make no attempt to outrival each other in quality, where does the tire user get his consideration?

The makers of United States Tires urge upon everybody—manufacturer and dealer alike—a new kind of competition.

Let us compete for more and more public confidence.

Let us compete for higher and higher quality.

Let us compete for still more dependable public service.

This has been the developed U. S. Policy over a period of many years.

Today at present prices U. S. Tires are the biggest money's worth any motorist ever rode upon.

For the production of United States Tires there is erected and operating the greatest group of tire factories in the world.

A leadership that has recorded itself with the public. The outstanding example of what faithful quality and sound economy can do when it is patient enough to prove itself to a whole nation.

United States Tires
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U. S. Royal Cord Tires
United States  Rubber Company

Fifty-three
Factories

The Oldest and Largest
Rubber Organization in the World

Two-hundred and
thirty-five branches

PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(Concluded from Page 328)

above, that she had *lost forty pounds in five weeks!* Imagine it! It was the simplest thing in the world, said Miss Rambeau. . . Five glasses of milk a day, and one baked potato with salt but without butter or even pepper.

"No elaborate dieting schedule for her," Miss Rambeau explained, "with remembering to cut a little off here and a little off there, and no sugar in one's coffee and no butter on one's bread, and so on. . . Too tantalizing! Why not concentrate, and do it all up thoroughly at once, and then be able to go back and eat as one pleased for a time, in peace. . . And if I were passing on her regimen, say that the trick is to space the five glasses of milk throughout the day. . . one glass for breakfast. . . two glasses at intervals in between that and dinner time. . . the fourth glass with one's dinner, the boiled potato (you may make it as large a potato as you can find) and the fifth glass at night, just before you go to bed, to prevent having to sleep on that hollow feeling."

"She didn't get a bit haggard or flabby on this diet," added Miss Rambeau. . . superfluously, seeing that one was gazing straight at her. . . "and she had never felt better or more alert in her life."

So that was that! And since it wasn't possible to take Miss Rambeau out for luncheon, Tubby and I, not being on a diet, went off to the Ritz. . . There we picked up Fanny. . . and Tubby said it was the dullest of luncheons, and an awful come-down from Miss Rambeau and the rehearsal, for "you girls did nothing but talk about ear-rings."

"Well, we must talk about them some time. Tubby," we said, "they're the most important thing in dress on the horizon just now. Look what I did for you this morning, and all. Now it's up to you to sit silent and listen. . ."

"And pay. . . and pay. . . and pay," adds Fanny.

So just as Tubby would start to tell her about the novelty of introducing a real colored maid in "Jennie Jones," instead of having a white person made-up as usual. . . "frightfully clever little colored girl" . . . Fanny would interrupt him to tell me

about the wonderful pair of ear-rings she saw when coming across Post sixth Street. . . And that reminding me of another new pair I'd seen. And then we wished we could find a pair so-and-so and such-and-so. . . "terribly effective and comparatively inexpensive to make," and began to think the jewelry designers very poor in invention, sequentially to invent designs of their own. It was great fun! But w Fanny, who is very quick with a pencil, began sketching out one or two. Tubby got bored and left, leaving to an unusually pleasant half-hour of coffee and cigarettes, creating the earrings with which we would *epate* the waiting world.

"How about, for instance," said Fanny, "a pair of ear-rings in the form of a shiny silver ball at top, hanging from that fine silver wire fringe, or fine silver bead chains. . . they could be in gold too."

"Lovely!" I respond. "And how about an ear-ring of a simple, flat, rectangular-shaped piece of stone, quite long and wide, . . . say of jet, jade, or a white composition. The one that attaches to the ear should be square. . . Jet is so favoring to very fair-skinned women, and white softening for the sallow, and the more there is of each, the greater the contrast."

"Lovely!" in her turn from Fanny. . . as she busies herself with her pencil: "But look, Angelina, we couldn't one use this idea. . . have a little chain, or chains, of pearls that hang behind the ears in the back from pearl drop to pearl drop. . . You know lots of women haven't a pretty neck in but and it would dress them up, . . . cover defects. . . and how nice for the theatre, where the *nuque* is so much in evidence."

"Splendid, Fanny!" from me. "And why shouldn't we have a special kind of ear-ring never heard of before, exotic, barbaric, one that would sheathe, encase, the edge of the ear the way round. . . somewhat like the sheathes the Chinese wear on their finger nails. . . of silver, say, studded with little colored stones. . . what?"

And so on. . . and so on. . . Really a most pleasant time was had by all!


NEW VICTOR RECORDS.

Spring and the Eastertide meet appropriately in several interesting numbers among the Victor Records for April.

Particularly timely was the recent release of the very last records made by Caruso during life. The *Crucifixus* from Rossini's *Solemn Mass* was chosen by the Victor Talking Machine Company as perhaps the most appropriate to break the silence, on its part, which has followed Caruso's death. Musically the record is worthy

in every detail of the great man who made it.

Whatever may be meant by "popular" music, Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words," or Spring Song, all that and a classic of classics, on the Victor Record list for April, find it interpreted by Efrem Zimbalist as true an artist as ever set bow to violin. He plays it simply and without display, against an orchestral accompaniment in which the harp takes chief place.



Sheridan

366 FIFTH AVENUE
Near 35th Street
NEW YORK

AT smart social gatherings where good taste is apparent, one can always identify the beautifully gowned women as a patron of Sheridan's.

She would find, irresistible, this costume of black Canton Crepe with beaded squares. The sleeves of French blue match the lining of the Cape, which is edged with nail-head beads. In the new color combinations.

GOWNS

Street Afternoon Evening

BRUNSWICK

Exclusive Artists

Number Five of a Series



FLORENCE EASTON
SOPRANO

THE vibrant, faultless tones that have won for Florence Easton a noteworthy place in opera and concert are immortalized by means of the phonograph. But, note that she records exclusively for Brunswick.

Ask your nearest Brunswick dealer to play these Easton records for you:

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|---|--|
| 30011—Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod
Violin obligato by Max Rosen | 30013—Madame Butterfly — Un bel di vedremo
(Some Day He'll Come) Act II, Scene I,
in Italian.....Puccini |
| 10037—Faust — Air des bijoux (Jewel Song) in
French.....Gounod | 10041—Tosca—Vissi d'arte (Love and Music) Act
II, in Italian.....Puccini |
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"AMBUSH"

(Concluded from page 296)

MARGARET: He did nothing of the kind. Oh, the time has come for a show-down and you might as well know the truth.

WALTER: The truth! The truth!

MARGARET: That I belonged to somebody else before he met me. (*Harry is at the door. Her eyes, narrow and full of hatred, are upon him, she points to him*) Him! (*Walter wheels*)

HARRY: You're crazy!

MARGARET: Why do you suppose he was so mad when I went around with Alan? Why do you suppose he told you about George being married—though I suppose you'd have found that out if you were working for him? But I don't care anymore what you find out—if all this makes you unhappy, it's your own fault.

WALTER: You will have to marry him.

MARGARET: Who? (*Walter is pointing to Harry*) Harry! Watch me!

HARRY: If she'll do it, I'm ready.

MARGARET: Get out!

HARRY: I'll forget whatever's happened since—I'll marry her.

MARGARET: Oh, damn it, get out of here! (*Harry exits*) . . .

Margaret then tells her father that she does not have to stay at home any more; that George would provide for her. She reminds her father of Lithridge's offer of a job and exits. The mother tries to persuade Walter to accept the position.

WALTER: Accept help f-from him! I won't! No! No! I won't! (*A ring at the bell. Harriet is alarmed*) Maybe she's forgotten something. Now we'll see!

(*Seymour and his wife enter*)

SEYMOUR: Julia persuaded me to come and make friends. How about it, Harriet?

HARRIET: Shut the door.

SEYMOUR: We'll let bygones be bygones—that's my nature. (*Offers his hand to Harriet*)

HARRIET: (*Shaking his hand*) All right, Seymour. I'd ask you two to

supper, but there isn't enough in the house.

MRS. JENNINGS: We've had it, thanks. SEYMOUR: (*To Walter*) Have you decided on anything?

HARRIET: Walter's been offered a very good job; we were talking about when you came in.

SEYMOUR: (*Wide-eyed*) That so? Pretty quick work, isn't it? I've got something, too—looks big! If that's so I suppose I can expect my rent before long.

WALTER: (*Dully*) Rent?

SEYMOUR: Sure—for the house.

WALTER: (*Wavers a moment*) Oh! (*Walter gulps hard*)

SEYMOUR: What's the matter, Walter? You ain't sick, are you?

MRS. JENNISON: (*Crossing to him also*) What is it, Walter?

WALTER: It's nothing—nothing. I—I'm all right now. (*Crosses to desk*)

SEYMOUR: It's that damn oil company—they're responsible for it all!

WALTER: Here's—here's the money, Seymour—the exact amount—

SEYMOUR: (*Going to him*) Well! (*Takes the money*) Now tell us about the job, Walter. Is it a good one?

HARRIET: Better than the old one—more money and a chance for advancement. (*At kitchen door*) I've got to attend to supper. Come in the kitchen and I'll tell you more. (*Harriet goes into the kitchen*)

SEYMOUR: Coming, Julie?

WALTER: (*Raising his head slightly*) They come in on you like this, and this, until there's no way to turn. You and I, Julia—if we'd married, we'd a' done something of use in the world.

MRS. JENNISON: Hush, Walter. I don't understand you.

WALTER: Everything I stood for—everything I lived for—everything God put me on this earth for—turns out wrong. What can I do now?

MRS. JENNISON: Whatever has happened—you must go on just the same.

WALTER: Why? (*His voice louder*) Why? Why?

CURTAIN

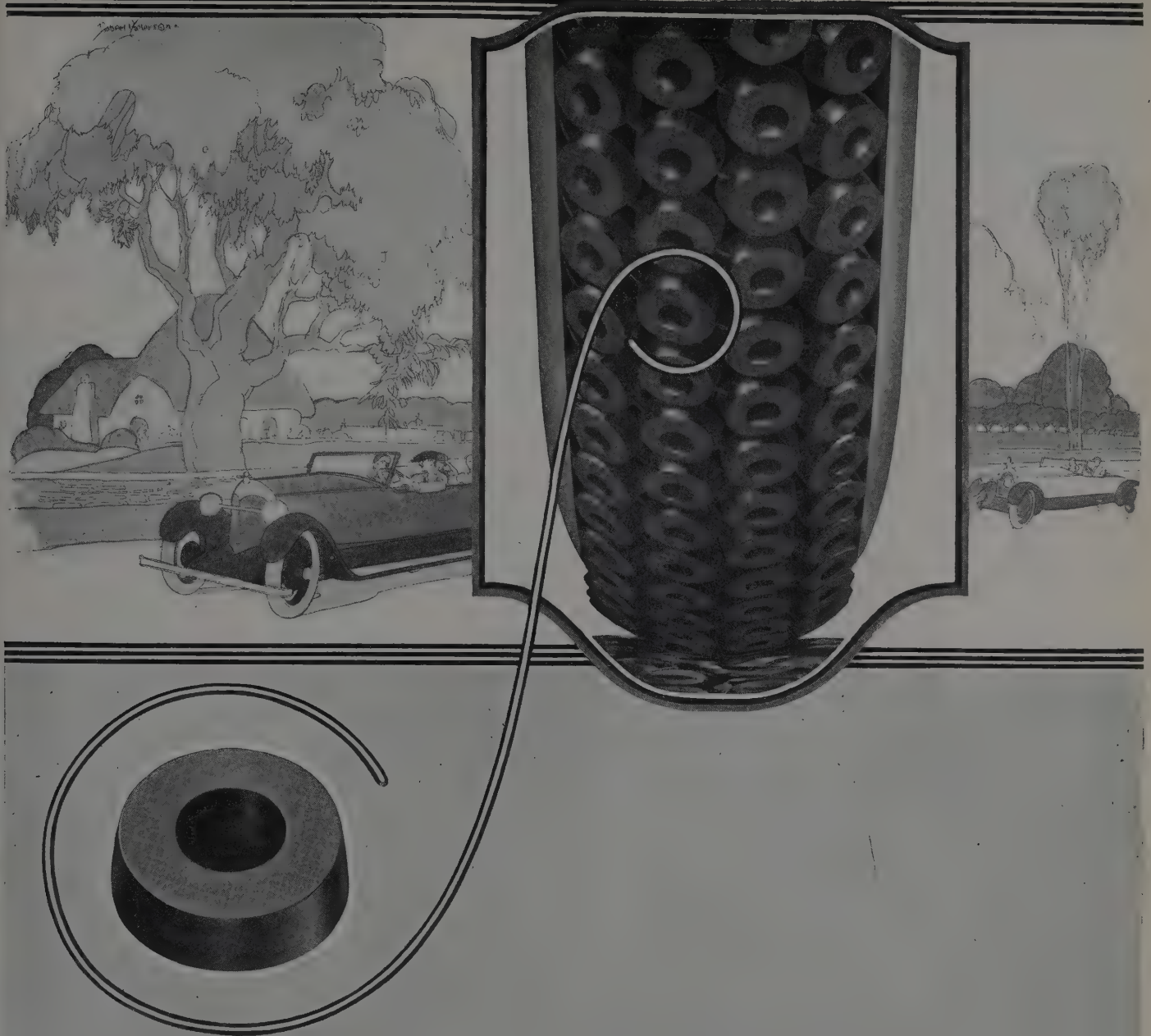


METAMORPHOSIS OF OWEN DAVIS

(Concluded from page 300)

reach expression which she herself has missed by being the wife of a farmer, is one of the tragic figures of our rural life. When she fails in her ambition, when things settle back into the grooves of daily existence, she summons up courage to go ahead; her daughter may have failed her, but probably her daughter's child may have the spark which she had but which farm existence has extinguished. "What I am worrying over now is this," Mr. Davis said, "realism such as I attained in 'The Detour' is not the whole end

of art, there is something more for the artist to attempt. You may say that in my play there is suggestion of the golden strand of hope. Yet I firmly believe that what our plays need is a broader band of spiritual exaltation. Having shown that I can without trickery, write of the realities of life, I want to see whether a play cannot be written which will be more positive in its effect on the audience, sending them from the theatre not only intellectually entertained but spiritually glorified, so to speak."



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(Continued from page 308)

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tivating, always infinitely more worth while watching than any of a dozen actresses who might have made the character of Georgine Mazulier something more of a human being. The answer being, I suppose, that while the trim Irene interests me, *je m'en fous* of Georgine.

SHUBERT. "THE HOTEL MOUSE." A play with music in 3 acts. Book by Guy Bolton. Music by Armand Vecsey and Ivan Caryll. Produced March 13, with this cast:

Burrongs	Barnett Parker
Tiny	Lois Wood
Bob Biddle	Al Sexton
Lola	Fay Marbe
Don Esteban	Stewart Baird
Wally Gordon	Taylor Holmes
Caesar	Richard Tem le
Mauricette	Frances White
Detective	Frank Green
Victor	Ted Stevens
Marquis de Santa Bella	Francis Leib

THOUGH Taylor Holmes is billed as co-star (with Frances White) of this lively musical comedy, Barnett Parker, as the Willie-boy butler, has what, in our estimation, is the leading role. The diminutive Frances White, too, is less in evidence on the stage during the three acts than the lithe and capering Fay Marbe, and the chorus girls. Cast as a hotel thief, her role gives her little opportunity for distinctive work, except in a song number or two. Her forte seems to be "cutey" dialogue—the baby voice and mannerisms of a child. Her "round on the end, and high in the middle" riddle jingle appeared to entrance her audience, and she was called out again and again to repeat the ridiculous little verse. Taylor Holmes has a charm of manner and *naivete* all his own, and was decidedly whimsical in his five minutes of inebriety.

Everybody in the cast works hard, and "ginger" appears to be the keynote of the whole piece. The musical score by Ivan Caryll and Armand Vecsey is sprightly, and the "Mauricette" number, sung by Frances White, in boy's togs, accompanied by the male chorus, is bound to become a popular song hit.

EARL CARROLL. "BAVU." A melodrama in 3 acts by Earl Carroll. Produced Feb. 25 with this cast:

Kuroff	Charles Ray Wallace
Michka	William H. Powell
Pi lete	Maude Eburne
Bavu	Henry Herbert
Olga	Carlotta Monterey
Annia	Helen Freeman

IT would be a pleasant thing to say that Earl Carroll's play "Bavu," with which he opened the theatre bearing his name, was as nice as the new playhouse he has erected at 7th Ave. and 50th St. Alas—it proved to be old-fashioned stuff, helped along by every device known to melodrama, and its life on Broadway was not long.

Bavu, the title role, was a wicked Turk, whose avowed purpose was to as liberally loot the revolutionists as they in turn looted the reactionaries. He meets his death after he has mistakenly incinerated the only woman he ever loved," after the fashion of Guy de Maupassant's "sealed door."

Henry Herbert, as Bavu, was alert, *debonair*, grimly fatalistic and impressively graphic in his dying moments.

LYRIC. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE." Musical comedy in 3 acts. Music by William Daly and Paul Lannin. Lyrics by Arthur Jackson. Produced Feb. 20 with this cast:

Teddy Lawrence	Fred Astaire
Suzanne Hayden	Adele Astaire
Joseph	Harry R. Allen
Vivian Reynolds	Marjorie Gateson
Count Spingio	Charles Judels
Marjorie Leeds	Helen Ford
Jefferson Dangerfield	Vinton Freedley
Perry Reynolds	John E. Hazzard

IT was the dominating sprightliness of the dancing Astaires that made "For Goodness' Sake" pleasant entertainment. These two young people, Fred and Adele, gave animation to every scene in which they took part and then, for good measure, displayed a comedy gift which was very welcome. Otherwise, this new musical comedy is limited in its store of fun the lines are commonplace, the plot tenuous yet quite topheavy; and the most important situations are banal. Throughout the last act, for instance, John E. Hazzard, as a mistreated husband, spends much of his time hiding beneath a baby grand piano and poking the garments of the characters who happen to pass him. Of course, Mr. Hazzard contrives to get fun even out of such an effete situation as this, his fine powers as a comedian augmented by a splendid naturalness. By easy methods he creates hearty laughter, maintaining all the while a certain superior urbanity, rare among comedians.

Marjorie Gateson played the role of his flirtatious wife and made an agreeable picture. It was her task to go coquetting through the play, striving to give the impression that she was desperately false while remaining astonishingly true. Charles Judels, he of the ingratiating smile and irresistible dialects, played a characteristic role, that of an Italian count. This comedian always romps through his part happily, and naturally makes everyone else happy. It is really a pity that he does not have a larger part in this play.

It remains to be said that the score contains several numbers that are distinctly melodious. From the standpoint of orchestration, the composers, William Daly and Paul Lannin, have done much, contriving to make the

(Concluded on page 336)

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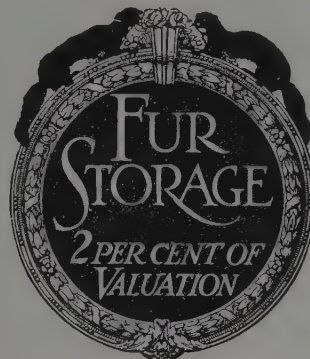
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(Concluded from page 334)

background of their songs rich and colorful.

GAIETY. "MADELEINE AND THE MOVIES." Farce in prologue, 2 acts and epilogue by George M. Cohan. Produced March 6, with this cast:

Garrison Paige	James Rennie
Harvey	Frank Hollins
Madeleine	Georgette Cohan
Aggie	Ruth Donnelly
Madigan	Edward Nannery
Tony Burgess	Harry Mestayer
Andrew	Thomas Jackson
Violet	Louise Orth
Bella	Jean Robertson
Goldberg	Charles Halton
Callahan	Frank Sheridan

EVEN though he announced his positive retirement from stage connection, it was a 100 to 1 shot that you couldn't keep George M. Cohan off Broadway. He's back again on the Great White Way, this time at the Gaiety, where, in the triple capacity of author, producer and papa, he is presenting his daughter Georgette as a star in "Madeleine and the Movies," a composition of his own, a singular combination of farce and drama, which certainly owes its inspiration and accomplishment to two of the big successes previously associated with his name, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and "The Tavern."

The above paragraph, on the second day after, was in process of evolution when news came to hand that Mr. Cohan had elected to appear in still another capacity, this time as an actor, succeeding James Rennie as Garrison Paige, the movie star. In these circumstances, it must be decided that Mr. Cohan's renaissance was absolute and complete.

Since it is a surprise play, it is hardly fair to readers who may later see the piece to tell just what it is about and how it ends. It is not Mr. Cohan at his best, it rather bears the earmarks of a perfunctory urge than a composition tossed off in the heat of original enthusiasm, but it is entertainment of a character which will appeal to those who do not exact too much. Miss Cohan bears a striking resemblance to her versatile father and enacts her role with discretion and tact. Harry Mestayer, as a scenarist, and Frank Sheridan, as a cop who would satisfy even the Citizens Union, are particularly good in the cast of all around competency.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "BROKEN BRANCHES." Play in 3 acts, by Emil Nyitray and Herbert Hall Winslow. Produced March 6, with this cast:

Arthur Weldon	Wallace Ford
Mary	Amy Ongley
Larry Martens	Raymond Hackett
Emilie Martens	Beatrice Allen
John McCann	H. R. Irving
Karl Martens	Hyman Adler
Mr. McCann	J. M. Kerrigan
Mr. Fox	Russell Johnstone

"Broken Branches" is the symbolic description of ungrateful children—all Scripture students should know and its use as the name of this play is still further warranted by the fact that a book thus entitled is quoted from at wearisome and lugubrious length in more than one scene. Karl Martens is a well-to-do diamond importer whose wife is dead and who has been over-indulgent to his son and daughter, trying to make up to them for the loss of their mother. John McCann, an old friend of Martens, has a son to whom he has made over all his property, on condition that he shall be well cared for during the remainder of his earthly existence. But it does not turn out so. Young John McCann marries a heartless, frivolous girl, with extravagant personal tastes, who treats the old man badly, turning him out of the house. Karl Martens takes him in as a permanent, unpaid guest, and the peppery old Irishman, while deeply grateful to his old friend, feels it his duty to warn Martens that he is making a dangerous mistake in giving way in everything to his children. Martens will not believe it, and he and McCann have more than one heated argument over it. McCann proves to be right. A happy ending is rather clumsily arrived at.

Karl Martens, who has just got back from Holland when the play opens and has brought with him an accent that may be plain Dutch, but sounding Yiddish, is splendidly played by Mr. Adler. His humor and pathos both are effective. It is to be regretted he has not a better play. Mr. Kerrigan as McCann, an appealing, dry-witted "hard-boiled," elderly Irishman, is capital opposite to Mr. Adler.

KLAW. "YOUR WOMAN AND MINE." Drama in 3 acts by Cleves Kinkead. Produced Feb. 27, with this cast:

Thomson	Fred Eckhard
Mrs. Ward	Helen Gill
Gov. Gilbert Moreland	Byron Beasley
Clem Prewitt	Reginald Barlow
Sally Jackson	Regina Wallace
Hon. Amos T. Glossup	Bertram Marburgh
Dawson	George Stuart Christie
Abby Prewitt	Minnie Dupree
Joe Harney	Henry Mortimer
The Speaker of the house	Dan Pennell
Clerk of the House	Royal C. Stoutt
Hon. Timothy McKlosky	James L. Kearney
Tom Graves	Louis Fierce
Chester Graves	Malcolm Duncan

A VERY bad play. One that suggests that both its author and its producer have been doing a R. Van Winkle while the American drama marched on. Its title and the names of the characters suggest, adequately if not completely, the mustiness and stagnation of this tired melodrama that has trotted out types and situations that have long been in a deserved grave. The chances are that by the time this appears they'll all be buried in that grave, deeper than before.



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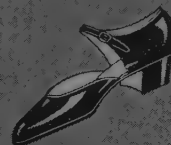
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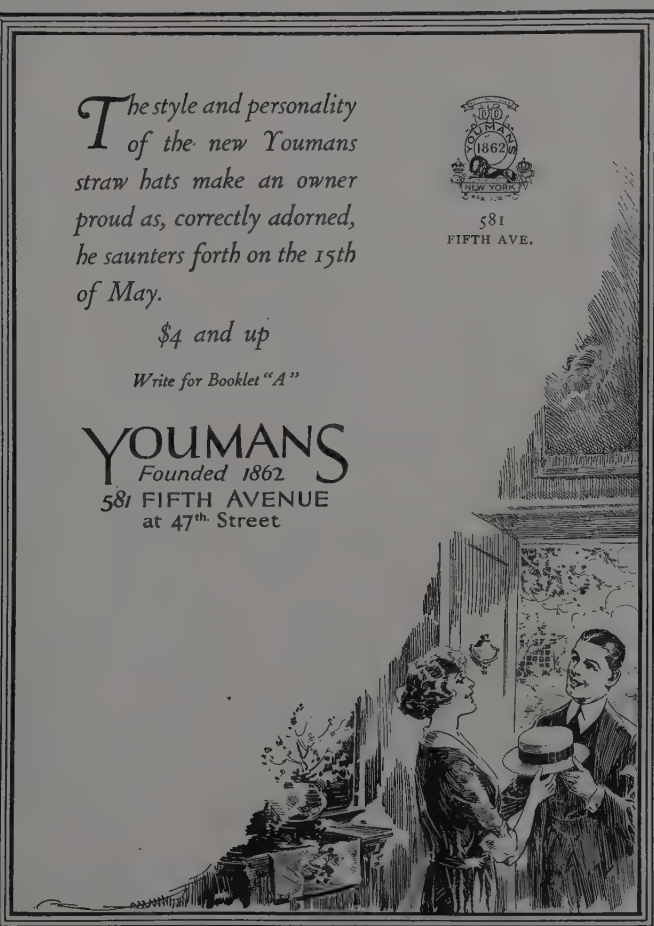
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RUSSIAN ACTORS UNDER SOVIET RULE

(Continued from page 298)

when he was given six bundles of wood.

Things have become so bad lately that both actresses and actors are selling their wardrobes—the accumulations of years—and taking for them whatever they can get. The new bourgeoisie is buying all these things with pleasure and at their own prices; but the money thus got is hardly of any use, for it is dissipated at once on necessities the unfortunate artists have lacked for months.

During the last Autumn the governing party came to the conclusion that it is too expensive to subsidize all the small theatres and studios, and they decided to close them. The actors thus thrown out of employment are facing actual starvation. The private theatres also have been considered the property of the government, and their debts have been tremendous. Now the private theatres are closing and the government is annulling the debts. Private interests can produce plays, of course, but the expenses and the taxes are so high, that the actors do not get the price of a meal. And so the best actors of Petrograd, the men and women who were once the most highly paid and popular of their pro-

fession, are percolating steadily downward through all the strata of metropolitan life, and are nightly seen upon the stages of restaurants, cabarets, and cafes.

But in spite of all these things, in the theatres that are open, the old work is going forward as smoothly, to all appearances, as ever before; the plays, the ballets, and the opera are of the same high artistic standard as before the annihilation of the old order; and the crude, the worthless, and the crass are never seen on the boards. This is extraordinary when one considers the difficulties, and that the National Art has not been allowed to die in spite of the stupendous political upheaval, is a credit to all concerned.

The American Relief Administration does not attempt to feed these people, because under the present appropriation they must confine themselves to the mass feeding of children. But by means of the Hoover Food Remittance system anyone may send food to needy persons or institutions in Russia by applying either in person or by mail to the headquarters of the A.R.A., at 42 Broadway, New York City. The food can be purchased in amounts of from \$10 up.



DUSE STILL WEAVES HER MAGIC SPELL

(Continued from page 284)

Nothing remains today save to add that she has lost none of her power. For in Duse the thousand and one technical elements of acting are blended into a whole of the greatest simplicity. Not a movement appears the result of calculation; not a movement but is exact, true, certain—a series of graceful, flowing lines without one theatric posture. She drops her heavy pilgrim's sack; the hand, relieved of its burden, falls wearily; nothing could persuade the spectator the bag is empty and the fall of the hand a voluntary movement controlled by an alert brain. The beautiful voice runs just to the edge of stridency and then creeps back without a demi-tone misplaced. The marvelous hands ceaselessly gesture without seeming to move. The worn face lights with a smile and the history of a lifetime is written on it.

She manages to be part of the ensemble without begging the audience to notice her condescension in so doing. Many actresses have the art of impersonation. A few are impersonators. In Duse are combined the two talents. Who else possesses the secret?

If the actor comes to America next season, as rumors declare possible, it is to be hoped she will include "Cosa Sia" in her list of plays. Many a poorer drama has succeeded because of a sympathetic central character. It would be worth a dozen other evenings in the theatre to watch her as the bent and weary mother, standing breathless, trembling, afraid, under the ledge of rock, listening to the voice of the son whom she has loved so well she has put the barrier of penance between them. In such a scene sentiment beats down logic.




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THE THEATRE OF TOMORROW, by Kenneth Macgowan. (*Boni & Liveright*.) This book on the theatre by Mr. Macgowan everyone is talking about. Mr. Macgowan happens to be our favorite dramatic critic in the newspaper world. We turn eagerly each evening to his review in *The New York Globe*, knowing that we are going to get a sane, balanced judgment on the new play of the night before, none the less poised for being witty withal as the occasion might offer. Of course we gauge Mr. Macgowan's cleverness and judgment by the one and only infallible test,—he thinks as a rule just the way we do.

We may therefore be charged with prejudice in our enthusiasm over Mr. Macgowan's new book, but can comfort ourselves with the fact that the majority sides with us.

THE Theatre of Tomorrow is tremendously interesting. It is full of meat, of information, for everybody. The first part, headed as "The New Stagecraft," recapitulates for us all that we know up-to-date of stagecraft, and the second, "The New Playhouse," does the same for the actual theatre itself and the different forms it has assumed. The *resume* is of a most comprehensive nature, pigeonholing our facts, filling up whatever gaps may be,—generally tidying up the information we may already possess. And this recapitulation—usually such a dry-as-dust affair—is served to us, moreover, in the easiest possible fashion to take in, with Mr. Macgowan standing behind and offering illuminating comments on the whole.

Part three, "The New Play," suggests what the form of the drama of the future must be, to meet the demands of the new stagecraft and the new theatre, and tells how rapidly we are emerging from the twilight of a realism that has attempted to reproduce cinematographically the facts, the very sticks and stones, of everyday life, to a greater realism, an expressionism,—that which lies behind all life. To get past "the surface of reality," to penetrate "the basic stratum of man's psyche" . . . is "the purpose of expressionism" . . . "it is certainly the task of the drama of tomorrow," says Mr. Macgowan, "if it is going

to replace realism with something truer than romance."

The illustrations in "The Theatre of Tomorrow," which include eight color plates, are no least part of its value and interest.

A TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR CHILDREN, Edited by Montrose J. Moses (*Little, Brown & Co.*).

Bernard Shaw, so the story goes, was recently solicited for a contribution to some children's library or other in London. "You may count on me for two guineas," said he, "if you will assure me that the library for children shall not be stocked with so-called children's books."

In spite of the title of Mr. Moses' volume, we think it would be entirely eligible for admission into Mr. Shaw's idea of a children's library. The plays are billed as being "especially suited for reading or acting by children," but they are also those that can be thoroughly enjoyed by grown-ups, so the magic works both ways.

To list the more important ones in the collection, there are Austin Strong's "Toymaker of Nuremberg"; W. Graham Robertson's "Pinkie and the Fairies," which Sir Herbert Tree once produced in London, with Ellen Terry and a distinguished cast: "Punch and Judy," "as performed in all nurseries in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America"; "The Three Wishes" "for marionettes," as done in conjunction with Tony Sarg; Stuart Walker's famous "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil"; and lastly, Alice Gerstenberg's presentation of dear old "Alice in Wonderland."

TWO SLATTERNS AND A KING, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. (*Stewart Kidd Company*).

We should like nothing better than to be cast for one of the four characters in this delicious and all-too-short one-act play by Miss Millay, and have to commit her whimsical, singing verse to memory. Failing that we should like to sit in an audience and listen to it. Back of the lilt and rhythm of "Two Slatterns and a King" there is an amusing idea, whimsically presented, a gentle satire inciting to the catharsis of light laughter. We recommend the little play to your consideration for acting or reading.

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This piquant scene from "Mardi Gras" with its silhouetted figures against a latticed window, is a striking example of effective stage lighting

An Interesting and Instructive Drama Exhibit

LEADING up to a Drama Institute for The Amateur Stage to be given in July by The Inter-Theatre-Arts, Inc., an instructive exhibit was given in March, at the Fifty-Eighth Street Branch of the New York Public Library, by the New York Drama League and the New York Public Library. Practical suggestions illustrated by stage models, fabrics and materials for costumes and scenery, types of simple stage settings, books of plays recommended for children and young people, books on production for the amateur stage, and practical talks and demonstrations every afternoon and every evening, rounded out an interesting week.

Stage Lighting, usually the bugbear of the amateur, but when rightly employed, an intriguing medium for the expression of mood and atmosphere, was given an important place in the

exhibit. Mr. William E. Price of the Display Stage Lighting Company demonstrated a set-up combining a proscenium opening from which to hang draperies and upon which to place lighting apparatus—making it possible to convert any space into a well lighted stage.

On the stage which Mr. Price evolved, Rhea Wells' pantomime "Mardi Gras," originally produced by the Inter-Theatre-Arts, Inc., was given. This play served to illustrate a studio talk on simple lighting effects, by Elizabeth B. Grimball. Miss Grimball also gave a talk on costumes from simple materials, illustrated by a scene from "The Snow Queen," presented by The Inter-Theatre-Arts, Inc.

Orrin Cocks of the National Board of Review of Moving Pictures talked

(Continued on page 344)



The little players of Greenwich House, New York in one of their impromptu plays, as shown in the Exhibition of Work for the Amateur Stage.

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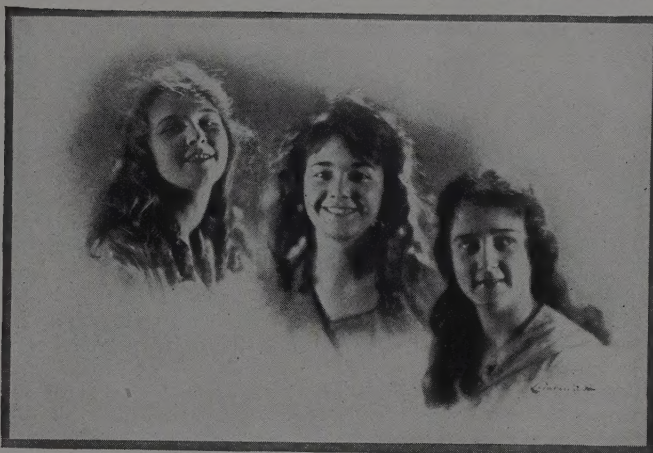
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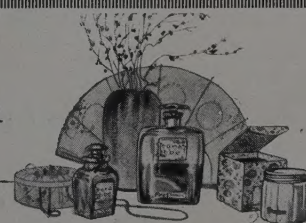
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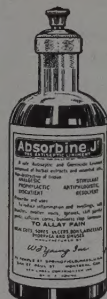
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A Children's Theatre

(Continued from Page 318)

by well known authors and plays written by the children themselves, dramatizations by adults and juveniles, and story and dance pantomimes. These last are particularly effective for children parting with their teeth or those too young to learn lines. Some of our most popular plays have been "The Tailor Prince" by Annie Walker, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" by Frances Hodgson Burnett, "The Balloon Man Helps Penelope" by Egbert Pettey, "Tom Piper and the Pig" by Alice Riley, "Sleeping Beauty" by Lady Bell, "The Knight's Answer" by John Seay and Don Stoner (Age twelve and eleven years) and the "Cinderella."

IN staging all our plays, Mr. Egbert Pettey, the Art Director, has made the sets really settings for the story, expressing the simplicity, purity, and honesty of childhood, and, also its capacity for make-believe and fancy. So the Junior Players have acted before realistic sets, curtains, story book sets and fanciful, fairy-like scenes, patchwork drops and silhouette sets.

In the same way the costumes house the characters. Water color sketches are made of these, and, with the costume materials are sent home to be made by the child or relatives.

By these methods the youngsters are unconsciously trained to have definite art principles and values and to utilize them. In the making of properties, costumes and the management behind the scenes the older groups are used as much as possible.

The Pasadena Junior Players for their music, in the absence of a regular

director have a volunteer committee and the plays have been well set as well as many good juvenile musicians developed. The dancing teachers of the city have helped at different performances.

In conclusion, we wish to state the results of inviting all juveniles of the city to play with us free of charge. Children from eighteen months to sixty years have sent in their names. These have been arranged to congenial groups and given an opportunity to play in whatever department they wished. For two and one half years they have been enjoying themselves. Coming from all walks of life.

The king in one play arrived barefooted while his herald rode up in a limousine. There have been no quarreling, no hard feelings, no unkindness, nor unhappiness expressed during rehearsals and performances. Just two children have been dropped and these by the decision of the youngsters themselves, because they were repeatedly tardy and careless about rehearsals. As a rule, juveniles arrive from an hour to fifteen minutes earlier than the time appointed. Individual growth and development can never be recorded publicly but the uniform joy and courtesy and love shown by each group has been an inspiration to the staff. Their response to the good and beautiful, and their desire to express these qualities, have made their directors realize that to be accounted friends by children is a great tribute and to play with them in their kingdom of make-believe is to tread on sacred ground.

Lists of plays for children will be gladly furnished gratis. Address, The Editor, The Amateur Stage, Theatre Magazine, enclosing stamped, addressed, return envelope.



An Interesting And Instructive Drama Exhibit

(Continued from Page 342)

on selection and means of obtaining motion pictures for amateur programs, showing illustrations of the types suggested.

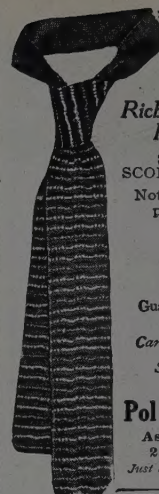
The Dennison Paper Company demonstrated the use of paper in fashioning colorful costumes, and by way of illustration, a performance of "The Enchanted Garden" in tableaux was given by the children of Public School No. 59.

Headresses and masks with appropriate costumes used in "The Light of Asia," were shown by Burton James, who produced the

play for the United Neighborhood Houses.

The Little Players of Greenwich House, New York, presented one of their original plays under the direction of Helen Murphy and Mary Carpenter, showing costumes and properties.

And a production of Harriet Wright's "Aucassin and Nicolette," performed in connection with the Public Library and the Literary Clubs of Boys and Girls of New York, finished the week.



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